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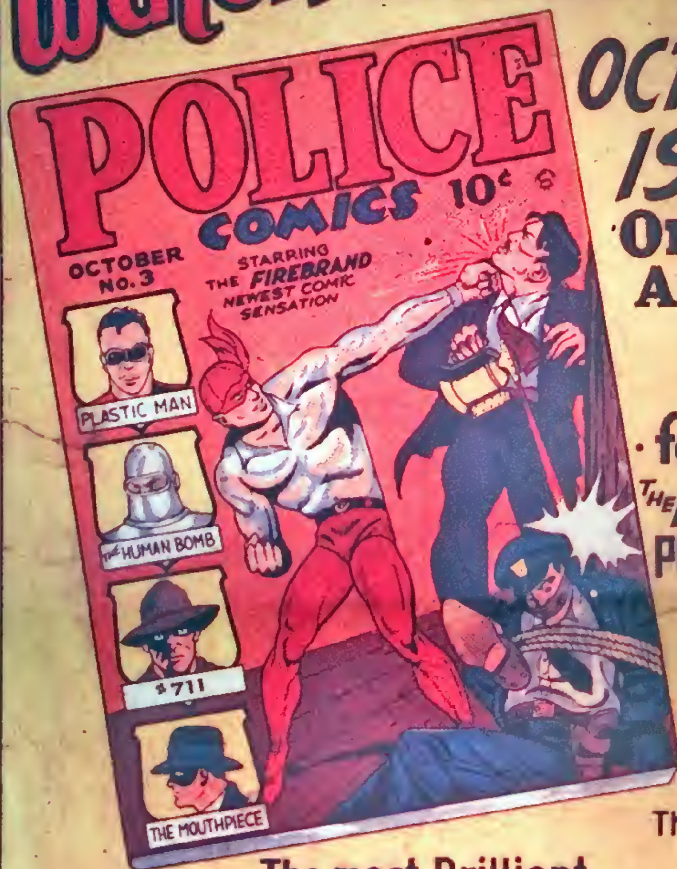


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ARMY

STORIES OF MILITARY
ACTION ON LAND
Section 1



OVER LAND, OVER SEA, WE FIGHT
TO MAKE MEN FREE OF DANGER.
WE DON'T CARE IF
WE'RE **BLACKHAWKS!!**

THIS IS THE SONG OF THE MIGHTY *Blackhawks* ...
7 MEN WHO ESCAPED THE NAZI DESTRUCTION OF
THE CONQUERED COUNTRIES AND HAVE DEDICATED
THEIR LIVES TO UPHOLD THE FREEDOM OF THE WORLD.
FROM THEIR SECRET ISLAND IN THE ATLANTIC THEY
FLY INTO THE VERY JAWS OF THE NAZI BLITZ-
KRIEGS IN THE ADVENTURE OF ..

THE DOOMED BATTALION!

Blackhawk

SOMEWHERE IN THE MID-ATLANTIC CROUCHES THE ROB-ENVELOUDED SECRET ISLAND OF THE *Blackhawk*.



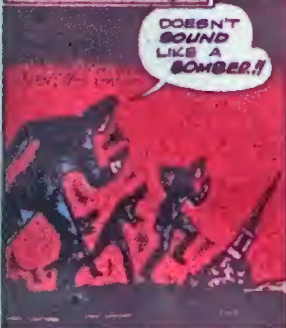
TO THE KEEN EARS OF TWO OF THE *Blackhawk* COMES THE RISING AND FALLING DRONE OF A NAZI MOTOR...



IN *Blackhawk* OFFICE...



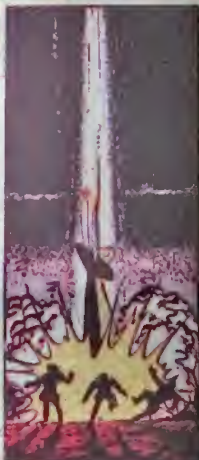
WITH THE SWIFTNESS AND PRECISION OF EXPERTS, THE *Blackhawk* STREAK TO THEIR STATIONS...



SUDDENLY...

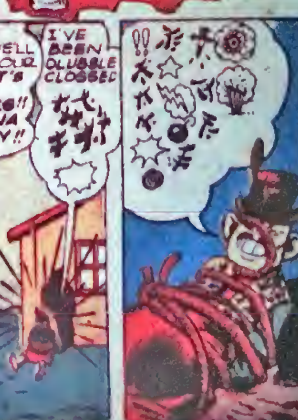
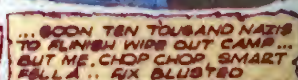
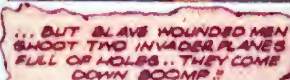
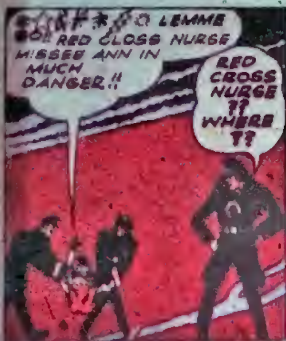


SACRÉ! ARE THE NAZIS OUT OF AMMUNITION?!



CAREFUL, MEN.. GUNS.. READY...





A SHORT WHILE LATER...
SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE,
A REFUGEE COLUMN
SIGHTS SEVEN FLASHING
PLANES ROARING
EASTWARD...

HARK!! THE
BLACKHAWKS
ARE FLYING...
SOMEONE IS IN
FOR TROUBLE!!

WHILE BELOW "MISS ANN
PREPARES A WELCOME...

FRANCE, GERMANY, AUSTRIA
SLIP BENEATH THEM AND
IN THE DISTANCE THE
DRINA VALLEY COUNTRY
TEARS INTO VIEW...

ANDRE!! SWITCH ON
ROBOT CONTROL GLIDER
DOWN... OLAF
TAKE OVER...

THEIR PLANES RADIO-
CONTROLLED BY OLAF,
BLACKHAWK AND ANDRE
SWOOP EARTHWARD ON
SILENT WINGS...

AS THE GLIDERS LAND...

PUT YOUR HANDS
UP!! ONE WRONG
MOVE AND I'LL...

GIVE ME THIS
YOUNG LADY BEFORE
YOU HURT YOURSELF!!
NOW, GO GET
MISS ANN...

SAY YOU!! WELL I'LL
OH!! BE...
BLACKHAWK!! WE
E2. I...WE MEET
AGAIN!!

WHAT KIND OF
TROUBLE HAVE
YOU GOT YOUR-
SELF INTO THIS
TIME??

IT'S
NOTHING
THAT
YOU
WON'T
BE ABLE
TO TAKE
CARE OF...

SUDDENLY...

"MISS ANN!!
THE GERMANS!
THEY COME!!

CALL
OUT
EVERY
MAN
WHO
CAN HOLD
A GUN!!

TENSELY, **Blackhawk** PLOTS A DESPERATE BATTLE... AGAINST FEARFUL ODDS... AND IN THE GROUP IS MARKOV, THE TRAITOR...

DOES ANYONE KNOW HOW WE CAN FLOOD THAT VALLEY?!

I, MAXIM, KNOW HOW! A DAM HOLDS BACK THE RIVER... DESTROY THE DAM AND FLOOD THE VALLEY!!

GOOD! LET'S GO TO WORK!!

UNNOTICED, MARKOV SLIPS AWAY...

THE FOOLS!! THE NAZIS WILL PAY ME WELL FOR THIS INFORMATION!!

BRUISED AND BREATHLESS, THE TRAITOR FALLS PAINING AT A NAZI GENTLE'S FEET...

HEH... IT IS I... YOUR FRIEND, MARKOV... HEH, HEH... I HAVE INFORMATION FOR CAPTAIN SCHROEDER.

ACH! DER TRAITOR! COME!!

IN CAPTAIN SCHROEDER'S OFFICE...

GO!!

TAKE THIS DOG AWAY!! WE SHALL SEE IF HE LIES!!

AND BLAST THE DAM TO TRAP YOU ALL!!

I DON'T LIE!! **BLACKHAWK** HIMSELF IS IN COMMAND!!

BLACKHAWK! ACH DU LIEBER!!

A SHORT WHILE LATER... ON A LEDGE OVER LOOKING THE DAM...

HERE'S YOUR DYNAMITE... LET ER GO!! ANNN!! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?!

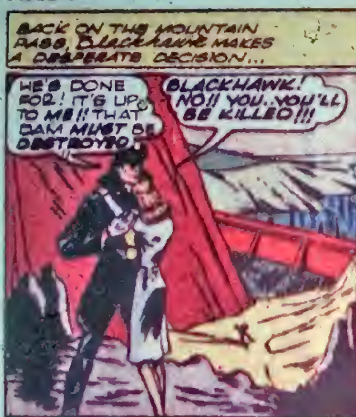
I... I HAD TO COME... B... BUT YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND!

AS THE GALLANT SOLDIER SPRINTS DOWN THE TRAIL...

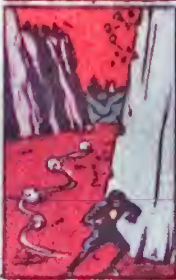
ACH! DER TRAITOR WAS RIGHT!! SHOOT!!

HE'S HIT!!

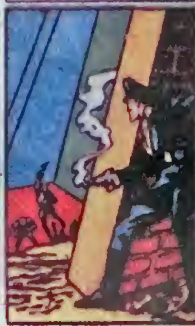
MEANWHILE ON **Blackhawk** ISLAND...

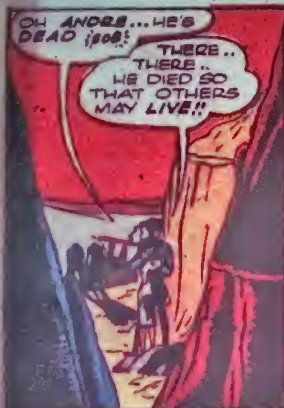


TWISTING AND TURNING, BLACKHAWK REACHES THE DAM AND MIDST A RAIN OF LEAD, PLANTS THE DYNAMITE..

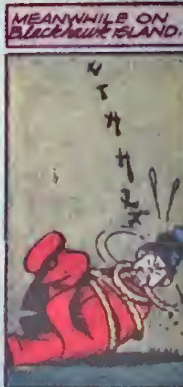
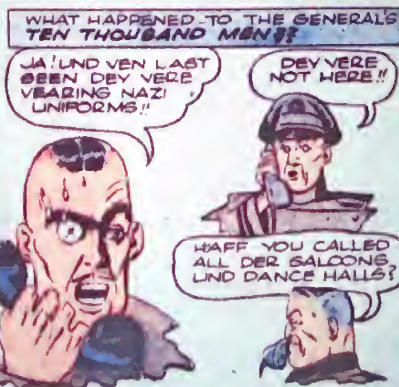
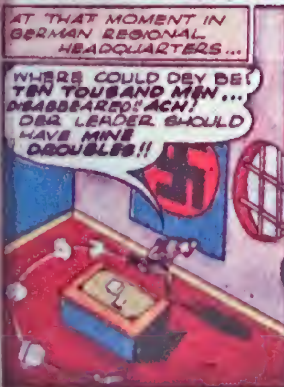
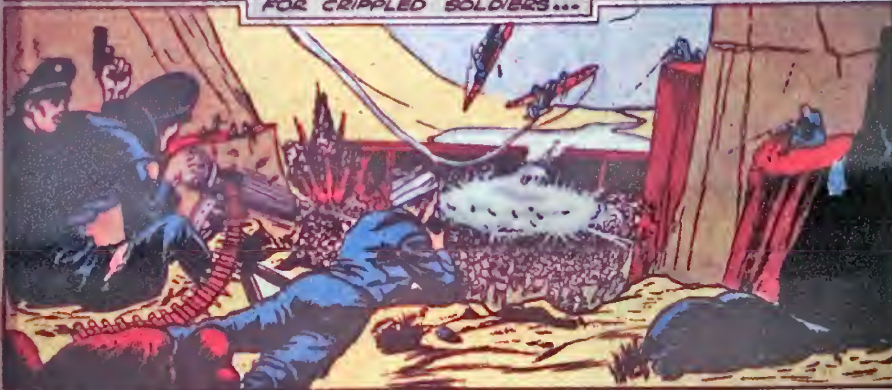


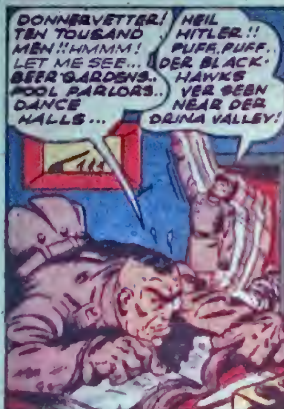
WITH HIS BACK TO THE WALL, BLACKHAWK PROTECTS THE EXPLOSIVE...





AIDED BY THE DELUGE OF WATER, BLACKHAWK AND HIS MEN FINALLY SUCCEEDED IN HALTING THE NAZI ATTEMPT TO DESTROY THE RED CROSS HAVEN FOR CRIPPLED SOLDIERS...

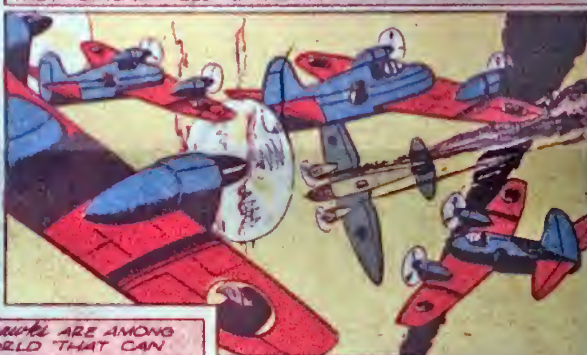




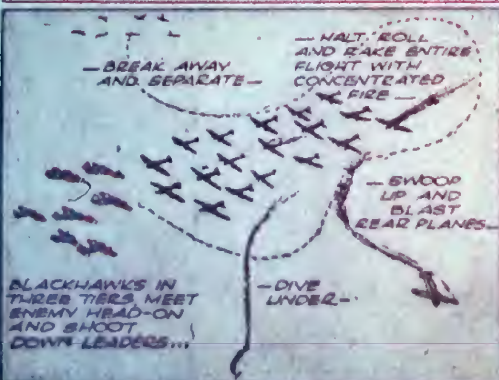
AS THE DRONING MASS OF
NAZI VULTURES HURTLE IN
FOR THE KILL, AN ALERT
BLACKHAWK SPOTS THEM...



OUTNUMBERED TEN TO ONE THE BLACKHAWKS EXECUTE
THEIR SYNCHRONIZED "UNDER AND OVER" ATTACK...



Editor's Note: THE Blackhawks ARE AMONG
THE FEW FLIERS IN THE WORLD THAT CAN
EXECUTE THIS DIFFICULT MANEUVER EN MASSE.
HOWEVER, SEVERAL BRITISH FLIERS HAVE
BEEEN KNOWN TO ACCOMPLISH IT ALONE...



COMPLETELY DISORGANIZED AND
PANIC-STROKEN, THE NAZIS FALL
EASY PREY TO THE INSPIRED
Blackhawks...



ADDING TO THE CONFUSION, NAZI PLANE'S CRASH TO EARTH AMONG THEIR OWN STRUGGLING MEN!!



FROM THE SMOKING WRECKAGE OF ONE PLANE, STEPS A FAMILIAR FIGURE ...



SO!! HERE YOU ARE!! VOT ARE YOU DOING TO MY TEN DOUBAND MEN??

ACH! DER CHENERAL!

ISS DERE NO WAY OUT OF HERE? MUST VE ALL DROWN LIKE SCHWEIN?!



I, MARKOV, KNOW A WAY OUT...

SO! YOU ARE MARKOV EH? I VELL SPEAK!!!

THROUGH YONDER CAVE IS AN EXIT BEHIND THEM.. BUT ONLY A FEW CAN COME OUT AT A TIME... UGH!!



HAH... GOOT!! HERE IS YOUR REWARD!! A TRAITOR'S REWARD!!

ON THE RIM OF THE VALLEY, THE *Blackhawks* ARE PUZZLED...



THEY'VE DISAPPEARED!! HAVE THE PLANES BOMB THAT OPENING!!!

WHILE THE *Blackhawks* WONDER, THE FIRST SMALL GROUP CREEPS OUT BEHIND THEM...



THERE HE ISS!! DON'T MISS!!!

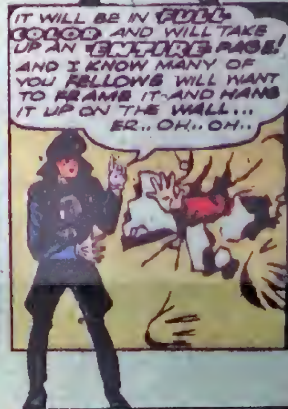
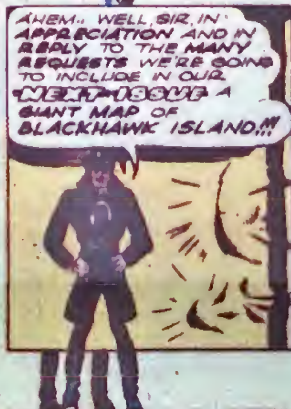
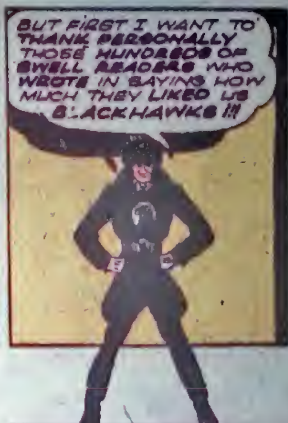
BUT ANDRE'S SHARP EYES DETECT THEM AND *Blackhawk* IS SHOWN VIOLENTLY TO ONE SIDE...



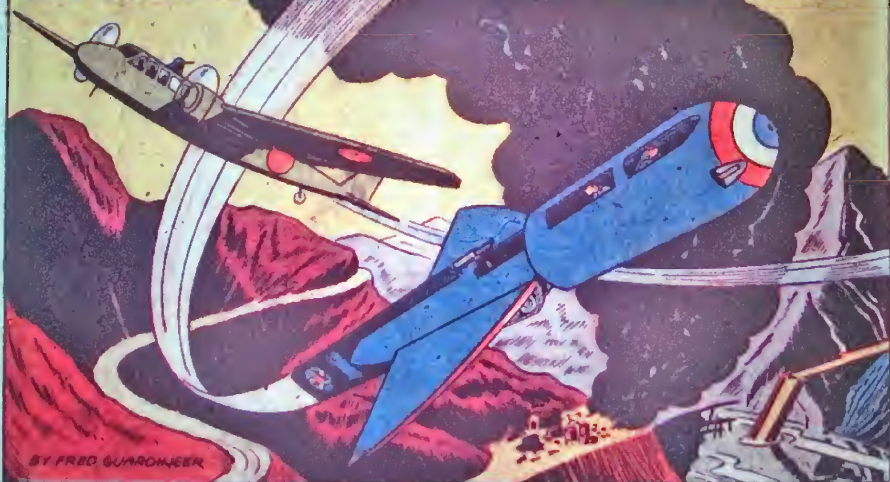
DUCK *BLACKHAWK*!!!

UNABLE TO MOVE QUICKLY ENOUGH, ANDRE RECEIVES THE BLAST MEANT FOR *Blackhawk*...





THE BLUE TRACER



BY FRED GUARONEER

INVENTED AND BUILT BY CAPTAIN BILL DUNN THE AMERICAN ENGINEER, AND HIS ANZAC PAL BOOMERANG JONES, THE BLUE TRACER IS THE NEWEST AND DEADLIEST FLYING ENGINE OF WAR... IN AN EFFORT TO HELP THE HARD FIGHTING CHINESE AGAINST THE INVADING JAPS, THE BLUE TRACER BATTLES ALONE JAP PLANE THAT HAS BEEN BOMBING THE BURMA ROAD.

IMMEDIATELY BILL ZOOMS THE BLUE TRACER HIGH ABOVE THE FLEEING BOMBER!

IN THE CABIN OF THE BULLET-LIKE PLANE BILL DUNN WORKS THE FIRING BUTTON OF HIS GUN CONTROLS.

HEY, BOOMERANG - OUR GUNS ARE JAMMED! I COULD HAVE BLASTED HIM THEN!

WE CAN'T LET HIM GET AWAY—LET'S CRASH INTO HIM!



LEVELING OFF, THE GREAT MACHINE FOLDS ITS TELESCOPIC WINGS...



AND LIKE A SHOOTING TRACER BULLET THE BLUE TRACER DIVES STRAIGHT AT ITS PREY!



WITH A TERRIFIC CRASH THE JAP PLANE IS COMPLETELY SHATTERED BY THE BOLT FROM THE BLUE.



FALLING PIECES OF TWISTED METAL ARE ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE DEMOLISHED PLANE.

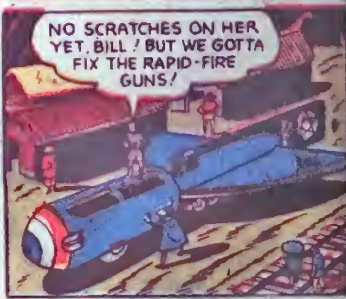


THE BLUE TRACER OPENS ITS WINGS AND GLIDES TO A GRACEFUL LANDING ON A LEVEL FIELD.



WE'RE BY THE TOWN OF KU-MING!

NO SCRATCHES ON HER YET, BILL! BUT WE GOTTA FIX THE RAPID-FIRE GUNS!



HELPED BY THE GRATEFUL CHINESE OF KU-MING BILL AND BOOMERANG QUICKLY REPAIR THEIR GUNS.



WHO'S THIS COMING?

YANG PU, MY MASTER AND MANDARIN OF THIS TOWN ASKS YOU TO HONOR HIM WITH YOUR PRESENCE AT DINNER!



BILL AND HIS PAL EAGERLY ACCEPT THE INVITATION AND ARE SOON DINING AT THE HOUSE OF YANG PU.



IT WOULD BE WELL FOR YOU TO LEAVE KU-MING SOON BECAUSE THIS CITY IS DOOMED TO FALL TO THE INVADERS!

IT HAS BEEN
LEARNED THAT THE
JAPANESE ARE ON
THE WAY FROM
HAIPHONG BY WAY
OF THE RAILROAD—
WE HAVE NO WEAP-
ONS LEFT TO
OPPOSE THEM.



BEHIND THE DRAPERIES THE
MANDARIN'S SERVANT QUIETLY
LISTENS.

MAYBE WE
COULD STOP THEM WITH
THE BLUE TRACER, AT
LEAST WE CAN GIVE IT
A TRY!



IF WE DESTROYED
THE MENGTSZ
BRIDGE THEY—

HEY! LOOK!
SOMEONE'S
LISTENING!



WHAT BOOMERANG
SAW!



YOU, SIN FANG!
MY TRUSTED SERVANT—
A JAPANESE
SPY!



AAGH!



YANG PU IS HURT BAD. I'LL
BANDAGE HIM—YOU CATCH
THAT SPY BEFORE HE
CAN WARN THE JAPS
OF OUR PLAN!

YOU
BET!



BOOMERANG RACES THROUGH
THE DARKENED STREETS OF
KU-MING AFTER THE FLEEING
SIN FANG

HE'S A
FAST
BOZO!



PAST THE VILLAGE AND
ALONG THE BURMA ROAD
THE DESPERATE CHASE
CONTINUES.



BUT AS THE NIMBLE ANZAC DRAWS NEARER HIS QUARRY HE THROWS HIS DEADLY BOOM-ERANG.

NOW'S MY CHANCE!



INJURED BY THE WEAPON SIN FANG REALIZES HE CANNOT ESCAPE HIS PURSUER...

AND THROWS HIMSELF OVER THE PRECIPICE IN A SUICIDE PLUNGE!

YOU WILL NEVER GET ME!



HE WON'T BE ANY GOOD TO THE JAPS, OR ANYONE ELSE, NOW!

SATISFIED THAT SIN FANG IS DEAD, BOOMERANG HEADS BACK TO KU-MING AS DAWN BREAKS...

AND REJOINS BILL DUNN AND THE BLUE TRACER.

GOOD WORK, BOOMERANG-MEANWHILE I'VE GOT A PEASANT ARMY READY TO FIGHT THE INVADERS / YANG PU WILL RECOVER!

IT'LL BE UP TO US TO WRECK THE JAP TROOP TRAIN AND THEN OUR FRIENDS WILL TAKE CARE OF WHAT'S LEFT OF THEM!

SOON THE CRUELY ARMED MOB SETS OFF ALONG THE RAILROAD TO MEET THE APPROACHING ENEMY.

IN A FEW MINUTES THE BLUE TRACER IS READY FOR THE FRAY.

SO LONG / SEE YOU AT THE MENGTSZ BRIDGE!

OK. BILL-LET HER GO!



AS THE HUGE FLYING BULLET TAKES OFF BILL RETRACTS THE TRACTION PLATES AND LANDING GEAR.



DRIVEN BY ITS POWERFUL MOTORS THE BLUE TRACER SOARS HIGHER AND HIGHER.



MEANTIME THE PEASANT ARMY WAS DEPLOYED ALONG ONE SIDE OF THE GREAT MENGTSZ BRIDGE...



EXPECTING NO RESISTANCE THE JAP TROOPS SPEED ALONG THE HAIPHONG KU-MING RAILROAD TOWARDS THE GORGE.



IN A MOMENT THE FORMIDABLE TRAIN STARTS TO CROSS THE TRESTLE BRIDGE.



IN THE BLUE TRACER BILL AND BOOMERANG PREPARE TO DIVE



AND CRASHES THROUGH THE STEEL STRUCTURE JUST AS THE JAPANESE TROOP TRAIN REACHES THE CENTER OF IT!



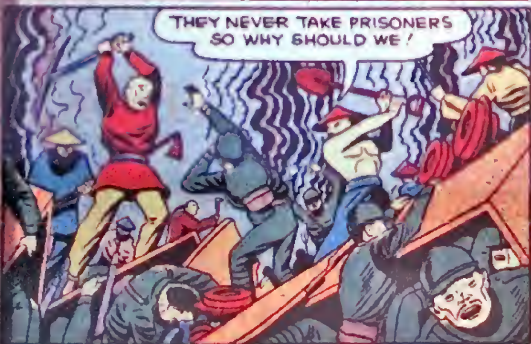
FOLDING ITS WINGS THE DEADLY TORPEDO-LIKE PLANE DIVES STRAIGHT AT THE VITAL BRIDGE AND THE ALARMED TROOPERS...



WITH ITS LOAD OF SCREAMING SOLDIERS THE DERAILED TRAIN PLUNGES OFF THE WRECKED BRIDGE.



THE FEW STUNNED REMAINING JAPS ARE QUICKLY MOPPED UP BY THE STURDY FARMERS WHO GIVE NO QUARTER!



A PILE OF BATTERED STEEL WITH FEW SURVIVORS IS ALL THAT GREETS THE CHARGING CHINESE PEASANTS.



RE-OPENING ITS WINGS THE BLUE TRACER GLIDES ABOVE THE ONE-SIDED BATTLE.



I GUESS KU-MING WILL BE SAFE FOR SOME TIME TO COME!

WE'LL GO BACK AND TELL YANG PU!

AFTER BRINGING THE SHIP BACK TO KU-MING, BILL AND BOOMERANG HEAD ONCE AGAIN TO THE HOUSE OF YANG PU!



GOOD NEWS, SIR THE JAPANESE ARMY HAS BEEN DESTROYED!

THE GODS HAVE IN-DEED BEEN ON OUR SIDE!



MY GRATEFUL THANKS TO YOU AND YOUR GREAT INVENTION. CHINA WILL NOT FORGET-NOR WILL CHINA EVER BE CONQUERED! MAY SUCCESS CROWN YOUR NEXT ADVENTURE WHEREVER IT MAY BE!



LOOPS AND BANKS

by BUD BRIST

FLIGHT COMMANDER,
LOOPS MCCANN,
ROUGH, TOUGH, SOLDIER
OF FORTUNE...



LIEUTENANT,
GANGS BARBONE,
CONSTANT AND TWO
FISTED COMPANION
OF LOOPS...



CRUISING AT FULL
BARRE AHEAD, AN
AMERICAN AIRCRAFT
CARRIERS PROUDLY
PLINGS THROUGH
THE WATERS OF THE
SOUTH PACIFIC...



NEEDS THE HUGE SHIP, OFF-
KERS, LOOPS AND BANKS
LABOR HEATEDLY OVER AN
ENORMOUS LIGHT...

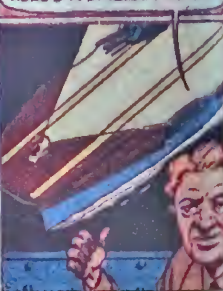
WHAT HO WHAT HO! ON OH
WATCH YOUR
DUSTRIOUS STEP LOOPS...
BEAVERS... GANGS ARE JUST
WHAT
GIVE! SO I CAN
SMELL... WELL
WHAT DO YOU WANT
LEATHERNECK?



NOW I ASK YOU, IS
THAT A NICE WAY TO
GREET A BROTHER IN
ARMS? HERE I BOTHER
TO POLITELY ASK YOU
BUMB A CIVIL QUESTION
AND WHAT DO I GET?
I'M REALLY
DEEPLY
MUST... WELL
JUST SO YOU
WON'T DIE OF
LUGS!
A BROKEN
HEART WE'LL
TELL YOU!!



BANKS HIT ON AN IDEA
FOR A LIGHT THAT'LL
PENETRATE THE SOUPEST
FOG... IT WORKS ON AN
ENTIRELY NEW PRINCIPLE
AND IF IT COMES OUT ALL
RIGHT, IT'LL BE THE
BRIGHTEST THING KNOWN.
HERE'S A DIAGRAM OF IT...



FLIGHT SIX... FLIGHT SIX...
TAKE OFF AT ONCE FOR
DIVE BOMBING PRACTICE...
LIE. BARBONE AND
JONES... PLANE TWO...
LIE. DARWIN AND BANKS
IN PLANE THREE...
COMMANDER MCCANN IN
CHARGE...



O.K.!! COME ON!! COME ON!!
HIT THE DECK!! WHAT
D'YA THINK THIS IS, A
GAME?!? MOVE!!



ALL CLEAR!!...
AYE AYE!!...
TAKE OFF!!...
AYE!!...
AYE!!...
AYE!!...



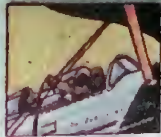
LIKE THESE GRACEFUL BIRDS,
THE MAINE PLANES ROAR
DOWN THE BROAD DECK OF
THE CARRIER AND SWIFTLY
INTO THE AIR...



UNDER LOOPS' EXPERT GUIDANCE,
THE BOMBERS DRONE STEADILY
ON...



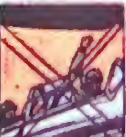
TO PRACTICE FOR AN EMERGENCY
AND IN CASE OUR RADIO COM-
MUNICATION IS CUT OFF, WE'LL RUN
THROUGH OUR HAND SIGNALS, SO
WATCH WHAT I GIVE YOU... AND
GET 'EM RIGHT FOR A CHANGE!!



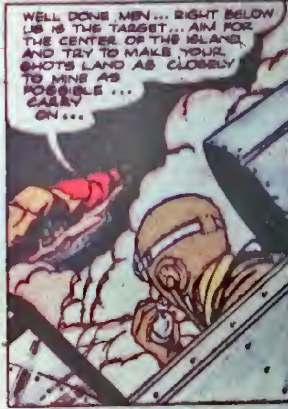
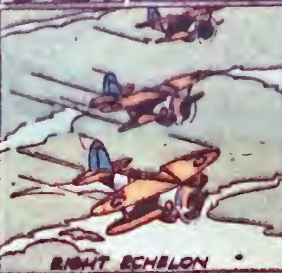
STICKING HIS
ARM STRAIGHT
OUT, LOOPS
SIGNALS FOR
THE PLANES
TO RLY IN LINE
FORMATION...



COVERING HIS
ARM AND
PRESSING IT
AGAINST THE
WELL CHANGES
THE FORMATION
TO "V" ...
(ROLLING WINGS
GIVE THE
SAME SIGNAL)



BANKS LOOPS' LIP
RAISED ARM, THE
PLANE TO THE RIGHT
OF THE LEADER
LEAVES THE "V"
AND CHANGES TO THE
LEFT OF AND ABOVE
THE OTHER TWO, SO
THREE PLANE MAY
SEE ANY SIGNAL...



WELL DONE MEN... RIGHT BELOW
US IS THE TARGET... AIM FOR
THE CENTER OF THE ISLAND
AND TRY TO MAKE YOUR
SHOTS LAND AS CLOSELY
TO MINE AS
POSSIBLE ...
CAREY
ON...

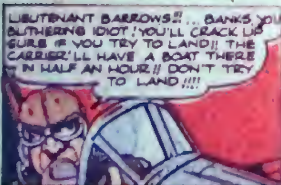
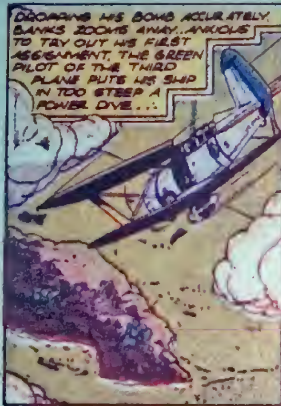
PULLING AWAY FROM THE OTHERS,
LOOPS PILOT DIVES FOR THE
ISLAND...



WITH WINGS SINGING A SONG OF
SPEED, THE BOMBER SCREAMS
TOWARD THE EARTH...



AS THE FIRST BOMB
BURSTS, BANKS NOSES
HIS PLANE DOWNWARD...



IGNORING LOOPS' FRANKING COM-
MANDS, BANKS SWITCHES OFF THE
RADIO AND CALMLY PREPARES TO
LAND...



YOU... YOU!! I'LL HAVE YOU COURT
MARTIALED!! I'LL HAVE
YOU SHOT!! I'LL HELP!!
OH, PLEASE!! OH, PLEASE!!
DON'T LET ANYTHING
HAPPEN TO THAT
STUBBORN OX!!



GO TO BLAZES, YOU BIG BABOON!!
THOSE CHAPS MAY BE BADLY HURT,
ORDERS OR NO ORDERS, I'M
SETTING DOWN!! SEE
YOU LATER, OLD THING!!



THANK HEAVEN HE MADE IT!!
WHAT A PILOT!! BUT WAIT!! I
GET HIM ALONE!! I'LL
MURDER HIM!!



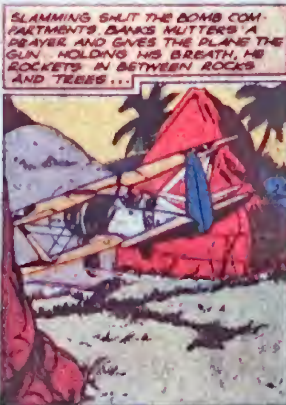
IT'S PRETTY NASTY, SIR...
DO YOU THINK...?

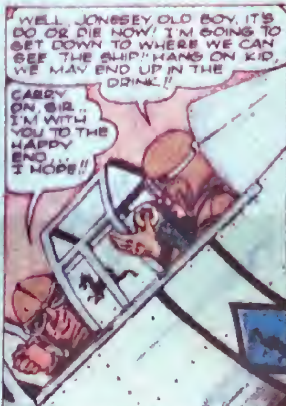
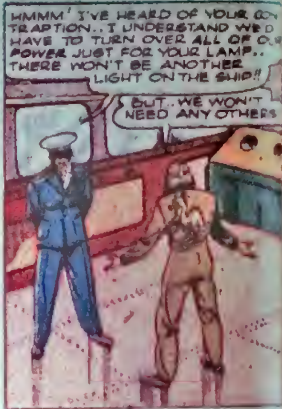
I DUNNO
JONESEY
BUT WE'LL SOON
FIND OUT!! COME
ON!!



HERE, TAKE HIM, I'LL GET
CARWIN... IT'S A GOOD
THING WE LANDED!!
THEY'RE BADLY HURT!!







WHEELING THE HEAVY MENTION ON AN ELEVATOR. THE MEN RAISE IT TO THE FLIGHT DECK AND QUICKLY RUB IT TO THE BOW OF THE SHIP...



IT'S GOTTA WORK!! IT'S JUST GOTTA!! THERE!! IT'S ALL CONNECTED!! G.F.!! MEN!! TURN HER ON... AND PRAY!!

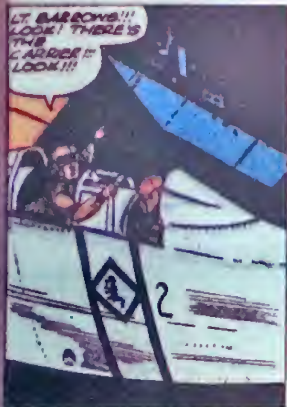


I'M GOIN' TO TRY AGAIN!! I KNOW JUST ABOUT WHERE THE SHIP IS NOW!!

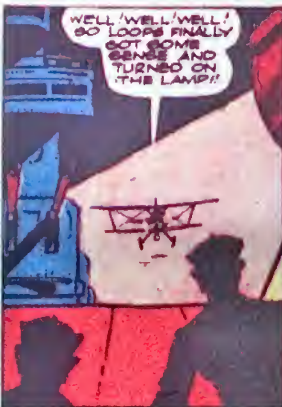
O.O.K.!! G.G.U.P!! LET 'ER GO!!



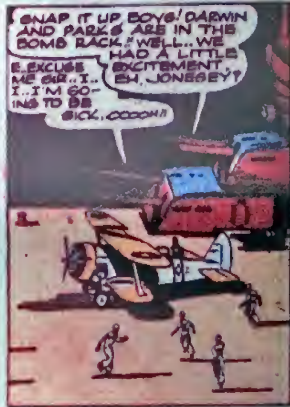
LT. BARROWS!!! LOOK!! THERE'S THE CARRIER!! LOOK!!!



WELL, WELL, WELL!! SO LOOPS FINALLY GOT SOME SENSE AND TURNED ON THE LAMP!!



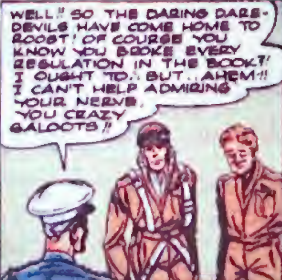
SNAP IT UP BOYS! DARWIN AND PEARL ARE IN THE BOMB RACK!! WE HAD A LITTLE EXCITEMENT ME G.I. I.. I'M GOING TO BE SICK, COON!!



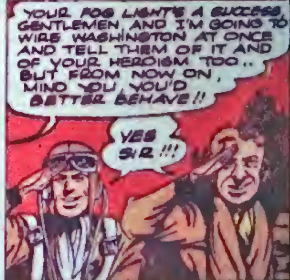
LOOPS!! BOY, OH, BOY! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!! ON YEAH!! I'D... WELL, I'M NOT GLAD TO SEE YOU, BUDDY. WE'RE IN FOR IT GOOD!! OH, OH!! HERE COMES THE CAPTAIN!!



WELL!! SO THE DARING DARE-DEVILS HAVE COME HOME TO BOOST! OF COURSE YOU KNOW YOU BOOKS EVERY REGULATION IN THE BOOK!! I OUGHT TO... BUT... AH!! I CAN'T HELP ADMIRING YOUR NERVE. YOUR CRAZY GALLOOTS!!



YOUR ROS LIGHTS A SUCCESS GENTLEMEN, AND I'M GOING TO WIRE WASHINGTON AT ONCE AND TELL THEM OF IT AND OF YOUR HEROISM TOO... BUT FROM NOW ON, MIND YOU, YOU'D BETTER BEHAVE!!



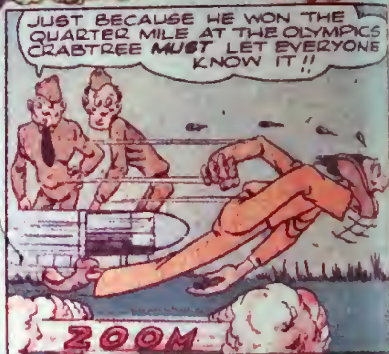
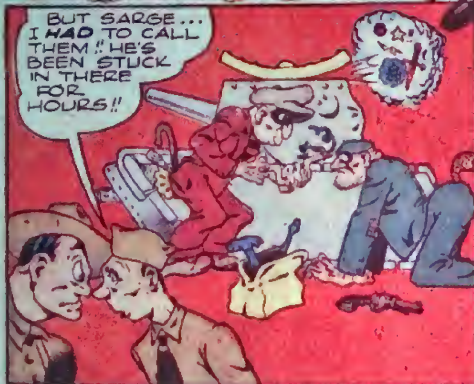
AVIATION FACTS:

HERE ARE SOME OF THE NEW AIR CORPS INSIGNIA:
 ① BUTCH, THE FALCON, 33 RD FULLBUTT SQUADRON...
 ② LOOPS AND BANKS, 33 RD OBSERVATION SQUADRON...
 ③ THE ARSON SQUADRON...

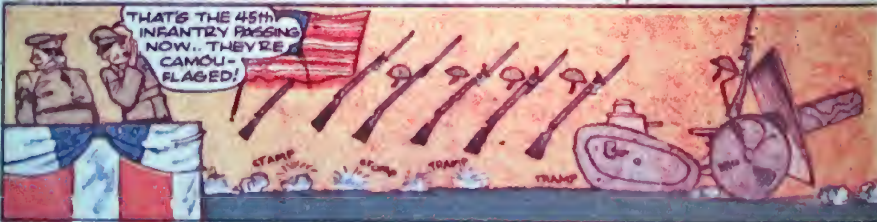


Subotage

By Texas
Blaisdell



CAMP CAPERS CAMOUFLAGE By LANE FRENCH



BY NOW THE GERMAN CONQUEST OF YUGOSLAVIA IS PAST HISTORY, BUT FEW PEOPLE KNOW THE TRUE STORY BEHIND THE BRIEF BUT BRAVE YUGOSLAV RESISTANCE.

I**N MARCH 1941 THE NAZI JUGGERNAUT FRESH FROM ITS CLEAN SWEEP OF EUROPE, TURNED ON YUGOSLAVIA. THE PRO-NAZI CVETKOVITCH GOVERNMENT WILLINGLY SOLD THEIR COUNTRY TO THE INVADERS AND ONCE AGAIN THE NAZI WAR MACHINE SEEMED VICTORIOUS! IN BERLIN HITLER GLOATED AND BOASTED TO YOSUKE MATSUOKA, JAPANESE FOREIGN MINISTER, THAT HE WAS INVINCIBLE ... SUDDENLY, AS THE GERMAN TROOPS PREPARED TO MARCH INTO YUGOSLAVIA, AMAZEMENT SWEEPED BERLIN ... THE NAZIS HAD BEEN HALTED ... BY..**

SCHOOL CHILDREN!

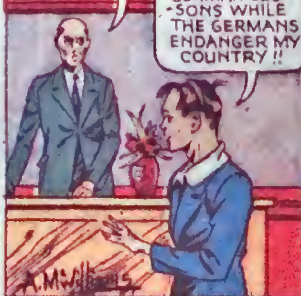
TO-DAY'S LESSON IS GERMAN ADVERBS... OPEN YOUR BOOKS TO PAGE 14 !!



A BOY, MILAN, WALKS OUT OF THE CLASSROOM IN PROTEST

MILAN, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

I SHALL NOT STAY FOR ANY GERMAN LESSONS WHILE THE GERMANS ENDANGER MY COUNTRY !!



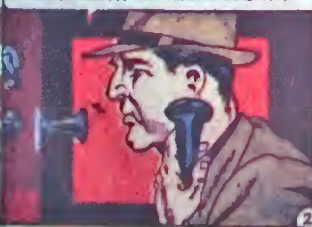
CHILDREN...!! I SHALL REPORT ALL OF YOU---

WE DON'T WANT ANY GERMAN LESSONS! LONG LIVE YUGOSLAVIA AND KING PETER !!



ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE BELGRADE SCHOOL, AN AMERICAN FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT GRASPS THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE SCHOOL CHILDREN'S STRIKE

GIVE ME ISTANBUL --- LISTEN, CHIEF, RUSH THIS TO NEW YORK!! BELGRADE SCHOOL CHILDREN ON STRIKE IN PROTEST AGAINST ENSLAVEMENT OF THEIR COUNTRY



THE STRIKE WORRIES BERLIN -- THE FOREIGN OFFICE GIVES INSTRUCTIONS TO ITS AMBASSADOR IN YUGOSLAVIA ---

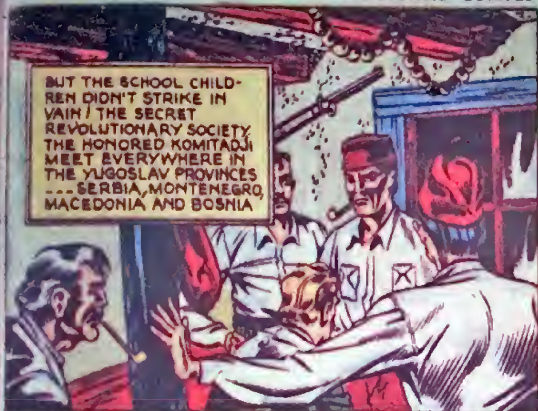
LISTEN, SEE CVETKOVICH AND INSIST THAT THE STRIKE BE BROKEN...!! IT'S SETTING A BAD EXAMPLE FOR OTHER COUNTRIES



THE CVETKOVICH GOVERNMENT IMMEDIATELY ARRESTS MILAN AND HIS FRIENDS



BUT THE SCHOOL CHILDREN DIDN'T STRIKE IN VAIN! THE SECRET REVOLUTIONARY SOCIETY THE HONORED KOMITADJI MEET EVERYWHERE IN THE YUGOSLAV PROVINCES --- SERBIA, MONTENEGRO, MACEDONIA AND BOSNIA



THE CHILDREN ARE DOING WHAT WE SHOULD'VE DONE --!! WHAT HAPPENED TO THE HONORED KOMITADJI THAT HAS ALWAYS FOUGHT FOR YUGOSLAVIA



IVAN IS RIGHT --!! WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?



I'M BURNING THE MEMBERSHIP RECORD -- THIS MEANS EVERY KOMITADJUI IS A DEAD MAN, WHETHER HE LIVES NOW OR DIES IN THE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM ---!!



WE PROMISE TO GIVE OUR LIVES TO THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM, AND TO FIGHT WITH ALL THE TRADITIONS AND VALOR OF THE HISTORIC AND HONORABLE SOCIETY OF KOMITADJI ---



HERE'S A WARNING WE'RE SENDING TO CVETKOVICH -- "IF YOU CARRY ON THE BETRAYAL PACT YOU SIGNED WITH GERMANY YOU WILL LOSE YOUR SKIN, --- AND WE DON'T MEAN POLITICAL SKIN ---!!"



BELGRADE COLLEGE STUDENTS TAKE UP THE CRY FOR INDEPENDENCE THAT THE SCHOOL CHILDREN STARTED ---!!



RUMANIA AND BULGARIA GAVE IN TO HITLER --- NOW LOOK AT THEM ---!!

SHOUTING DEFIANCE, THE COLLEGE STUDENTS MARCH THROUGH BELGRADE----

DOWN WITH THE PACT!! LONG LIVE YUGOSLAVIA AND DEMOCRACY--!! LONG LIVE KING PETER!!



THE SPREADING DEMONSTRATIONS WORRY THE PRO-NAZI GOVERNMENT--

THIS IS CVETKOVICH-- I WANT MY SECRET POLICE!! THESE STUDENTS MUST BE STOPPED--!!



SOME COLLEGE STUDENTS GIVE THEIR LIVES FOR THEIR COUNTRY, OTHERS ARE ARRESTED WHEN THEY CLASH WITH THE SECRET POLICE--!!



MEANWHILE IN BERLIN, THE LEADER OF THE DREADED GESTAPO, HEINRICH HIMMLER, SPEAKS TO A COURIER----

HERE'S A LIST OF THE LEADERS AND MEMBERS OF THE KOMITADJII-- TAKE THEM TO CVETKOVICH AND PRINCE PAUL--



ARMED WITH HIMMLER'S LIST, THE YUGOSLAV SECRET POLICE ARREST KOMITADJII LEADERS!!



BUT, TRUE TO ITS REVOLUTIONARY CHARACTER, THE KOMITADJII FIGHTS BACK THE IMPORTED GESTAPO MEN



THEN-- ON THE NIGHT OF MARCH 27, 1941, GENERAL SIMOVICH, COMMANDER OF THE YUGOSLAV AIR FORCE, AND HIMSELF A KOMITADJII, CALLS A MEETING

GENTLEMEN, WE'RE HERE TO SAVE OUR COUNTRY--!!



OUR PLAN IS AGREED!! GENTLEMEN, GO TO YOUR POSTS-- NO WORD OF IT MUST LEAK OUT UNTIL WE STRIKE FOR YUGOSLAVIA AND DEMOCRACY



A TOAST-- TO THE SUCCESS OF OUR COUP! -- LONG LIVE KING PETER



DEMOCRACY STRIKES!



AIR FORCE COLONEL KNEZIVICH
WAKES KING PETER---

ARISE, YOUR MAJESTY!!
IT'S 2 A.M.--THE HOUR
IS AT HAND



THE SPINELESS CVET-
KOVICH GOVERNMENT
HAS NOT ONLY PUT OUR
COUNTRY IN DANGER
OF INVASION, BUT ALSO
DEGRADED THE PROUD
SERBIAN NAME!--!!



KING PETER DRAFTS A
PROCLAMATION THAT
LATER STARTLES THE
WORLD



MEANWHILE, WHILE BELGRADE SLEEPS, ARMY
TANKS RUMBLE INTO THE CITY!--!!



RUMORS OF THE ARMY
MOVEMENT SPREAD THRU
BELGRADE LIKE WILDFIRE!!



IT'S PIERRE!--!!
WHAT'S BOTHERING
BELGRADE'S BEST
TAXI DRIVER--

NO, NO,--IT
CAN'T BE TRUE!



ALL IS LOST!--!! THE ARMY IS
WITH THE CVETKOVICH
GOVERNMENT!



MEN, SOMETHING STRANGE IS HAPPENING IN BELGRADE TO-NIGHT. I JUST SAW GENERAL SIMOVICH RUSH INTO THE KING'S PALACE !!

LONG LIVE KING PETER !



THE ZERO HOUR ARRIVES...!!

IT'S TIME TO ACT



ARMY AND AIR CORPS OFFICERS AWAKE THE PRO-NAZI PREMIER CVETKOVICH.....

WH-WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH ME ?

GET UP, TRAITOR, AND GET DRESSED



EVERY MINISTER OF THE CVETKOVICH GOVERNMENT IS AWAKENED AND TAKEN TO THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING....



WHEN THE OFFICERS COME FOR PRINCE PAUL, HOWEVER, A GUARD STANDS IN THEIR WAY...!!

HIS HIGHNESS CANNOT BE AWAKENED!

OUT OF OUR WAY...!!



WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS INTRUSION...? I'LL HAVE YOU THROWN OUT OF THE ARMY FOR THIS...!!



YOU MEAN I MUST DRESS AND ACCOMPANY YOU TO THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING?... AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT !!



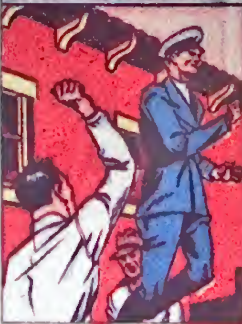
WHAT'S THE MEANING OF ALL THIS...WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO ME ?



BELGRADE BECOMES MORE
BEWILDERED THAN EVER WHEN
THEY SEE PRINCE PAUL RIDING
WITH GENERAL SIMOVICH ----



BUT THEY BREAK INTO
CHEERS WHEN THEY
SEE KING PETER ALSO
HURRYING TOWARD THE
GOVERNMENT BUILDING



DRAMA TAKES PLACE WHEN KING
PETER COMES FACE TO FACE
WITH THE HARRASSED PRINCE
PAUL AND CVETKOVICH ----



I'VE DECIDED TO TAKE
OVER THE ROYAL CROWN!!
I DEMAND THAT THE
REGENCY RESIGN...NOW!!

WHY, YOU'RE
JUST A BOY...!!
HOW CAN YOU
COPE WITH AN
INTERNATIONAL
SITUATION...?



I MAY BE ONLY A BOY,
BUT I'M READY TO GIVE
MY LIFE TO MY COUNTRY
IF NECESSARY... NOW, I
MUST ASK YOU TO
RESIGN...!!



I'LL RESIGN... BUT I'LL
GET EVEN WITH YOU FOR
THIS NIGHT'S WORK !!



AND YOU, PREMIER
CVETKOVICH, MUST
RESIGN ALSO...!!

YES, YOUR
MAJESTY



GENERAL SIMOVITCH... I
APPOINT YOU PREMIER! YOU
HAVE AUTHORITY TO ORGANIZE
THE NEW GOVERNMENT
IMMEDIATELY...---



THEN KING PETER READS
A PROCLAMATION OVER
THE RADIO...---

I'VE DECIDED TO TAKE
OVER THE ROYAL CROWN!
ALL THE REGENTS HAVE
RESIGNED... THE ARMY
IS FAITHFUL TO ME...
SIMOVICH IS IN CHARGE



DAWN IN BELGRADE FINDS THE LOYAL YUGOSLAVIA ARMY IN COMPLETE CONTROL, THE PEOPLE FILLED WITH RENEWED HOPE!

HURRAH FOR KING PETER!!



SCHOOL CHILDREN AND COLLEGE STUDENTS HANG EFFIGIES OF HITLER AND MUSSOLINI



ANGRY SERBIANS SMASH THE OFFICES OF THE GERMAN AND ITALIAN TOURIST AGENCIES



SERBIAN MOUNTAINEERS BATTLE GERMAN "TOURISTS"... GESTAPO AGENTS AND ADVANCE GUARD OF THE REICHSWEHR, WHO HAD, STRUTTED ABOUT LIKE LORDS



THE SCHOOL CHILDREN, WHO HAD SET OFF THE SPARKS THAT SAVED YUGOSLAVIA FROM DEGRADATION, HOLD AN HONOR PARADE IN THE TERAZIA!



START A SCRAPBOOK OF THESE SWELL R.A.F.

HERO STAMPS

EACH MONTH, MILITARY COMICS WILL PRINT A NEW STAMP WITH THE PICTURE OF A DIFFERENT R.A.F. FIGHTER ON IT ... THIS IS THE FIRST OF A SERIES ... MAKE A COLLECTION OF THEM ALL AND TRADE THEM WITH YOUR FRIENDS ... BE THE FIRST IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD TO OWN ONE ...

YOU GET ONE FREE IN EACH COPY OF ...

MILITARY COMICS



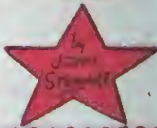
AT THE LAST OFFICIAL COUNT, FLIGHT SERGEANT UNWIN, A YORKSHIREMAN, HAD SHOT DOWN 20 GERMANS ... HE ONCE ATTACKED 45 NAZIS SINGLE-HANDED AND GOT TWO BEFORE HIS AMMUNITION GAVE OUT.

NAVY

STORIES OF MILITARY
ACTION AT SEA
Section 2.

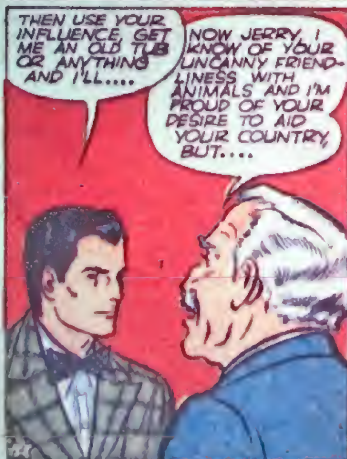
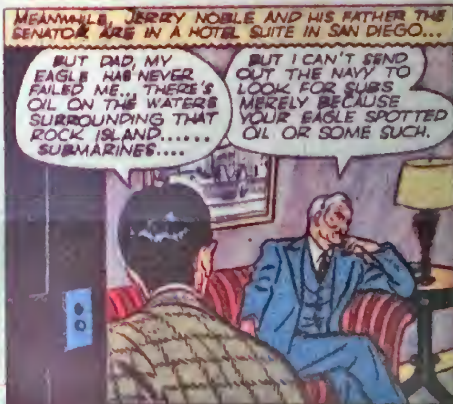
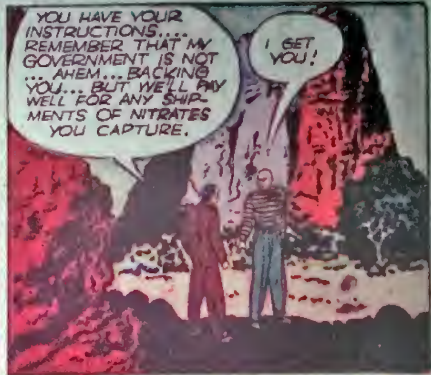


YANKEE EAGLE



JERRY NOBLE'S UNIQUE
ADVANTAGE IN HIS FIGHT
AGAINST AMERICA'S FOES
IS HIS ALMOST UNCANNY
KINSHIP WITH THE ANIMALS.
WILD AND TAME, THAT ROAM
HER BROAD AND FERTILE
LANDS.....





TWO DAYS LATER, AN AMERICAN FREIGHTER STEAMS PEACEFULLY NORTHWARD THROUGH NEUTRAL WATERS, BOUND FOR SAN FRANCISCO...



ALL HANDS TO BATTLE STATIONS! SHIP BEARING AT 28 DEGREES... BLOW WE STRIKE BLOW W/ AT AMERICAN ARMAMENTS!!

AYE, AYE CAPTAIN SNEEL!



A DEADLY "TIN FISH" SPEEDS STRAIGHT TO ITS GOAL! STRUCK MORTALLY AMIDSHIPS, THE AMERICAN SHIP'S BOILERS ARE BLASTED BY THE DEADLY MISSILE FROM THE HIDDEN ENEMY SUBMARINE.



MY LUNGS! MY LUNGS!

SCALDING STEAM! I CAN'T BREATHE!



A SECOND TORPEDO CRASHES THROUGH THE HULL... FIRE BREAKS OUT. THE MEN LEAP TO ESCAPE THE FLAMES ... INTO SHARK INFESTED WATERS!



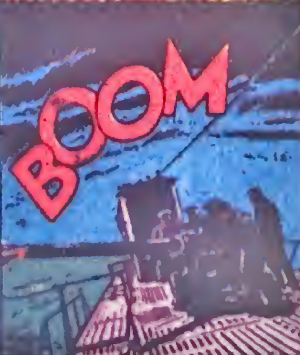
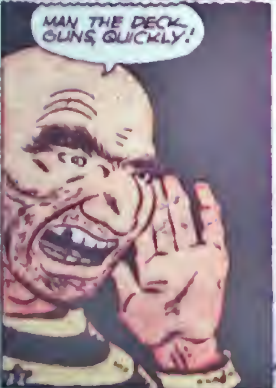
LAY ON THEM OARS, BOYS! THIS OCEAN'S FULL OF MANEATERS!



BUT SNEEL'S BRUTALITY KNOWS NO BOUNDS... HE ORDERS THE SUBMARINE TO THE SURFACE....

TOYING WITH THE HELPLESS MEN, SNEEL DROPS SHELLS WITH CRUEL PRECISION INTO THE OPEN LIFEBOATS.....

MAN THE DECK GUNS, QUICKLY!



NOT ONE SEAMAN ESCAPES HIS RAGE!



MEANWHILE IN SENATOR NOBLE'S OFFICE....

AT THAT MOMENT SAM THE EAGLE FLIES INTO THE ROOM.

JERRY NOBLE HAS GONE TO HIS RANCH TO AWAIT WORD FROM HIS FATHER.....

NO WONDER THE DEFENSE PRODUCTION HAS BEEN FILING ALL THOSE COMPLAINTS, THE REGULAR CARGO SHIPS HAVE FAILED TO COME INTO PORT...



BY JOVE, THIS IS MORE THAN A COINCIDENCE, THIS IS A HUNCH!



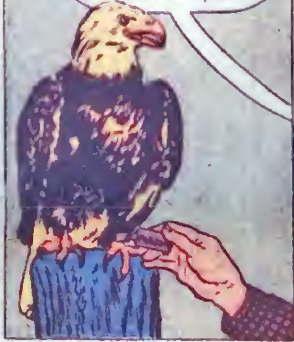
NOW REMEMBER, GLEEN, WE'RE ALL FRIENDS HERE, YOU'LL EAT REGULARLY, SO YOU LEAVE THESE FELLOWS ALONE!



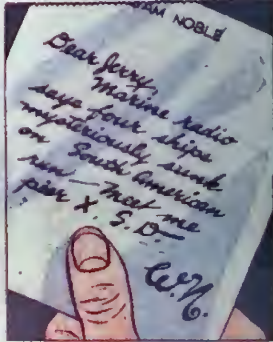
HAIEEEER!



GOT A MESSAGE FROM THE SENATOR IN SAN DIEGO, HEY? LET'S HAVE IT, SAM.



OPENING THE CAPSULE FASTENED TO SAM'S LEG, JERRY READS THE MESSAGE FROM HIS FATHER.....



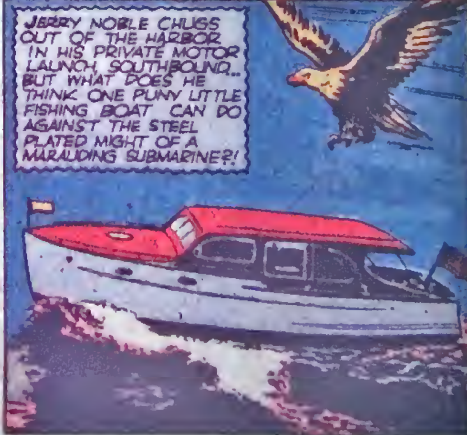
NEXT MORNING JERRY MEETS THE SENATOR ON THE WATERFRONT IN SAN DIEGO.....

EVERYTHING ALL SET, DAD?

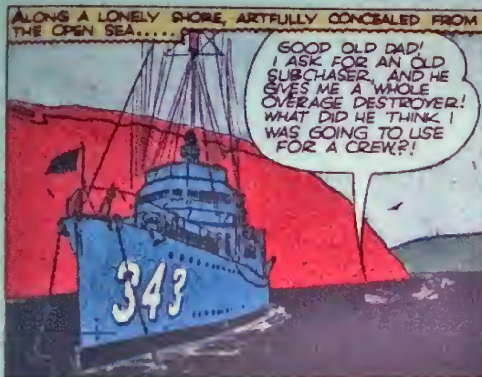
YES, I'VE ARRANGED WITH THAT SOUTH AMERICAN COUNTRY FOR EVERYTHING YOU WANT... GOOD LUCK, MY BOY....



JERRY NOBLE CHUSS OUT OF THE HARBOR IN HIS PRIVATE MOTOR LAUNCH SOUTHBOUND... BUT WHAT DOES HE THINK ONE PUNY LITTLE FISHING BOAT CAN DO AGAINST THE STEEL PLATED MIGHT OF A MARAUDING SUBMARINE?



ALONG A LONELY SHORE, ARTFULLY CONCEALED FROM THE OPEN SEA.....



JERRY TIES UP ON THE COMPLETELY DESERTED BANK.....



SLOWLY JERRY NOBLE APPROACHES THE SEA LIONS BASKING ON THE ROCKS... WITH HIS MARVELOUS GIFT FOR IMITATION, HIS GENTLE UNDERSTANDING FOR ANIMALS, HE MAKES FRIENDS OF THEM IN SHORT ORDER....



LEAVING THE SEA LIONS, JERRY PLUNGES DEEP INTO THE JUNGLE, FURTHER INLAND...SCATTERING PEANUTS ALL AROUND HIMSELF!



CHITTER YOURSELF! AND COME WITH ME... I'LL STUFF YOU FULL OF PEANUTS....!



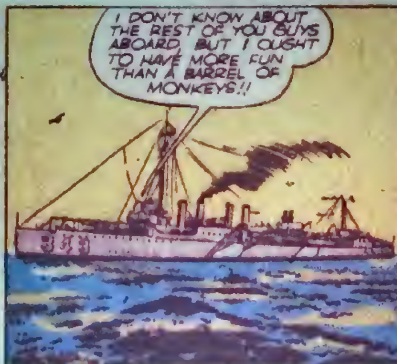
WITH ARTFUL PERSUASION AND MORE PEANUTS, JERRY LEADS THE MONKEYS ABOARD HIS DESTROYER!



HOW ABOUT YOU... WANT TO COME ALONG TOO? THE DECK'S JUST AS SOFT TO LIE ON AS THOSE ROCKS OF YOURS!



A WEEK'S HARD WORK, AND UNDER JERRY, NOBLE'S ALMOST SUPER-NATURAL DIRECTION, GANGS OF MONKEYS STOKED THE FIRES, THREW SWITCHES, ANSWER BELLS, AND TURN VALVES... HIS FULLY STOCKED OLD DESTROYER HEADS OUT TO SEA.....



DAYS PASS... EACH MORNING SAM THE AMERICAN EAGLE RANGES FAR AND WIDE ON SCOUT PATROL, TILL...



SAM WINGS SWIFTLY BACK TO THE DESTROYER, CIRCLING WILDLY ABOVE, THEN HE SETS OFF STRAIGHT AS AN ARROW...



LATE THAT AFTERNOON...

A UNITED STATES DESTROYER! WE'LL FOLLOW PLAN R.D.S.-1! READY TO SUBMERGE!

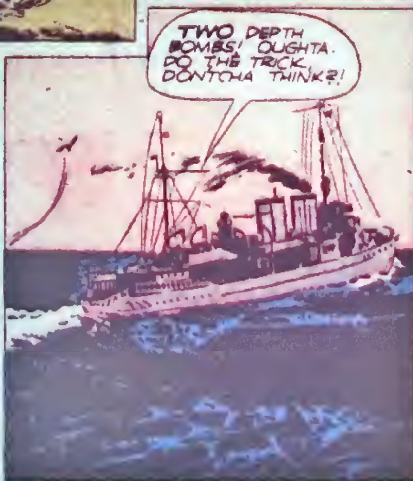


THE THREE WOLVES OF THE SEA SPREAD OUT, CIRCLING WARILY FOR THE KILL.....



BUT SAM'S ON GUARD FOR HIS MASTER, DIPPING LOW OVER THE WATER TO MARK THE COURSE OF ONE OF THE SUBS... JERRY STEERS RIGHT OVER THE SPOT.....

THE ANIMAL CREW DISCHARGES TWO BARREL-LIKE OBJECTS FROM THE RACKS AT THE STERN OF THE DESTROYER....



THE DEPTH CHARGES JERRY'S CREW PROP. FALL STRAIGHT TO THE MARK!



BUT TORPEDOS RACE THROUGH THE WATER FROM TWO OTHER DIRECTIONS...



WHEN! CONFOUND MY CARELESSNESS... I SHOULD'VE COUNTED ON THESE RATS HUNTING IN PACKS!

GREAT HOLES TORN IN HER HULL... THE DESTROYER SETTLES RAPIDLY... JUBILANTLY SNEEL COMES TO THE SURFACE.....



WE GOT 'EM!

BUT JERRY ISN'T GIVING UP WITHOUT A FIGHT...WITH THE AID OF HIS SMALL HELPERS HE LOADS ONE OF THE DECK GUNS....



WE'LL TAKE ONE MORE OF THOSE TIN SHARKS TO THE BOTTOM WITH US ANYWAY!

MEANWHILE THE SEA LIONS DIVE OFF THE SINKING DESTROYER AND SWIM TOWARD SNEEL'S SUB.



HARGH

AND A LUCKY SHOT AT POINT BLANK RANGE BLASTS A HOLE IN THE CONNING TOWER OF THE SECOND SUB....



YIP

WHILE JERRY'S ALLIES THE SEA LIONS GO TO WORK "SWIMMING" SNEEL'S SUBMARINE CLOSER AND CLOSER TO JERRY'S DESTROYER....



THOSE SEA LIONS! THEY'RE PUSHING US CLOSE TO THE DESTROYER!

TURN THE DECK GUNS ON THEM!

BUT BEFORE THEY CAN TURN GUNS ON THE SEA LIONS, JERRY SHOUTS A COMMAND, AND...



WE MUST SUBMERGE AT ONCE!

THE SEA LIONS! THEY'RE CARRYING US OVERBOARD! HELP!

BY THIS TIME THE SUB IS RIGHT ALONGSIDE THE SINKING DESTROYER! OVER THE RAIL COMES JERRY, WITH HIS MONKEY CREW RIGHT BEHIND HIM.....

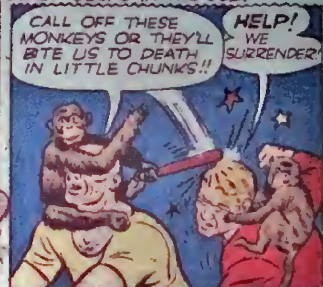


THIS IS GOING TO BE A PLEASURE!

AS JERRY LANDS ON THE SUB, HIS SEA LIONS HAVE CLEARED THE DECK OF EVERYONE EXCEPT SMOEL HIMSELF... AS SMOEL CHARGES JERRY, THE MONKEYS' STREAM DOWN THROUGH THE CONNING TOWER INTO THE SUB!

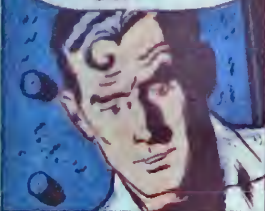


JERRY'S BLOW KNOCKS SMOEL INTO THE COLD WATERS, NEVER TO RISE AGAIN... MEANWHILE, JERRY'S MONKEY ALLIES HAVE BEEN BUSY BELOW DECKS IN THE SUB!



JERRY NOBLE LEAPS LIGHTLY DOWN INTO THE SUBMARINE AND ADDRESSES THE CAPTIVE PIRATE CREW.

NOW, YOU MEN, I'LL KEEP THESE MONKEYS OFF YOUR NECKS, IF YOU PILOT THIS SUB STRAIGHT INTO SAN DIEGO HARBOR. MAKE ONE WRONG MOVE, THOUGH, AND I'LL LET 'EM FINISH YOU!



SOME DAYS LATER A NAVY SQUADRON DEMOLISHES THE ROCK ISLAND OFF THE COAST... AND AS THEY WING HOMEWARD THEY ARE FOLLOWED BY A SWIFT-FLYING EAGLE.....



BACK IN SAN DIEGO....

ALL RIGHT, JERRY, I'LL SET YOU A BOAT TO TAKE ALL THESE MONKEYS BACK TO THEIR JUNGLE, BUT A ZOO--- DON'T MENTION THE WORD "ZOO." DAD! AFTER WHAT THESE LITTLE HALF-MEN DID FOR YOUR COUNTRY, NOTHING'S TOO GOOD FOR 'EM!

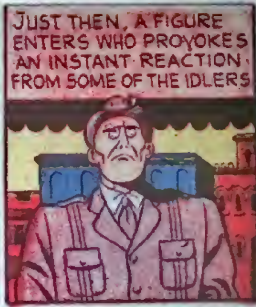


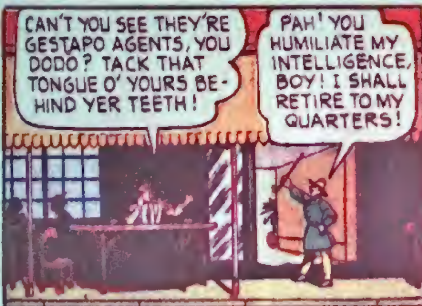
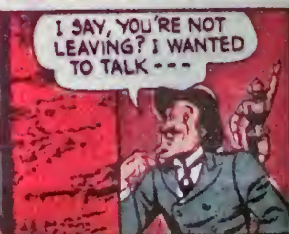
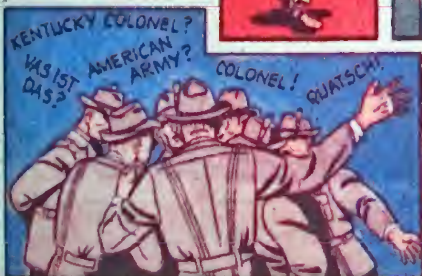
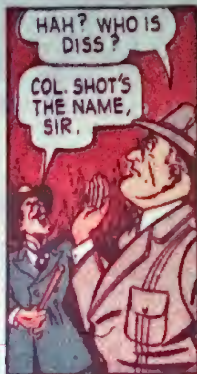
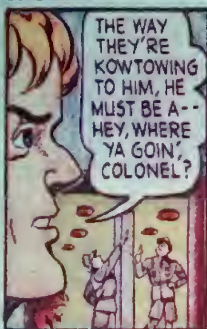
EACH MONTH THIS SPACE WILL BE DEVOTED TO A PAGE FROM **JERRY NOBLE'S** SCRAPBOOK OF INFORMATION ABOUT HIS ANIMAL FRIENDS AND THE U.S. NAVY..... **SAVE THEM!**





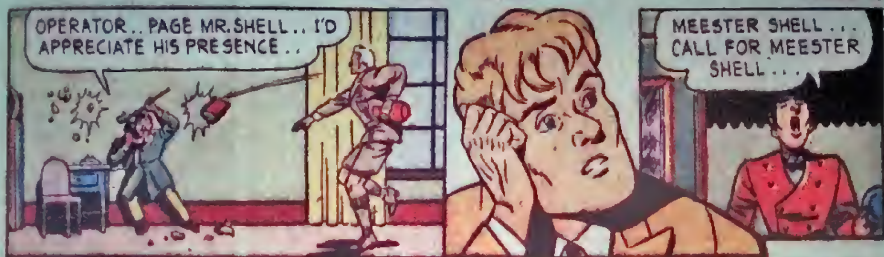
LISBON... THE CITY OF STRANDED MEN. AMONG THE REFUGEES AWAITING PASSAGE, THE DOUGHTY SLIM SHELL AND HIS BLUSTERY COMPANION, COLONEL SAM SHOT, WHILE AWAY THE HOURS IN A SIDEWALK CAFE.





AS THE COLONEL ENTERS HIS CHAMBERS...





SLIM DASHES TO THE AID OF HIS EMBATTLED FRIEND...



WHY DON'T YOU STAY IN YOUR OWN BACKYARD?



AND IN CASE YOU NEED MORE CONVINCIN', HERE'S --- OOOH!



WELL, BY MY BRITCHES!



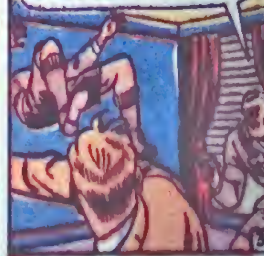
ZOUNDS! RELEASE ME, YOU ERSATZ WRETCHES!

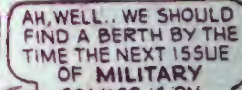
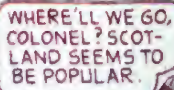
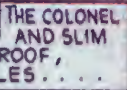
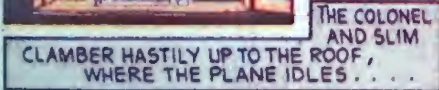
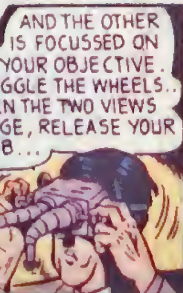
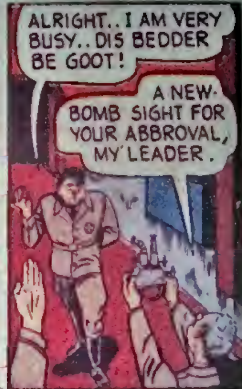
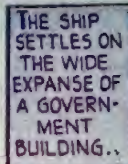
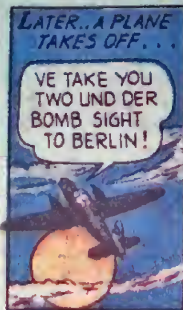


THE YOUNG AMERICAN BOUNDS INTO THE ADJOINING ROOM...



ACHTUNG! DOT VILL BE ENOUGH OF DOT!!







GEE, JOAN, YOU'RE PRETTY ENOUGH WITHOUT ... HEY! I CAN'T SEE!!

OOPS! SORRY!



GRACIOUS! LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE !!

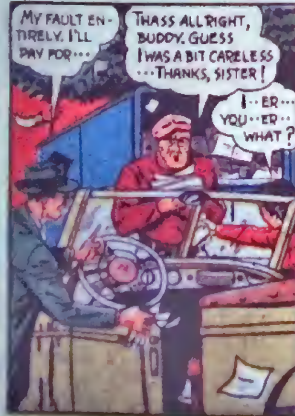
OH! OH!
HERE COMES
MUSCLES!



MY FAULT ENTIRELY. I'LL
PAY FOR...

THAT'S ALL RIGHT,
BUDDY. GUESS
I WAS A BIT CARELESS
... THANKS, SISTER!

I ... ER ...
YOU ... ED ...
WHAT?

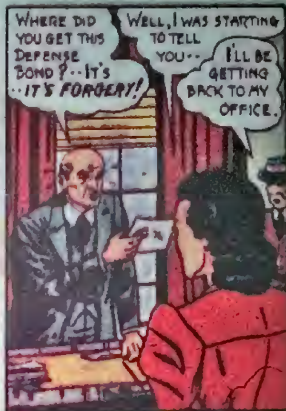


HMM, MUST BE A HARVARD MAN!
... SAY! WHAT'S THIS?



WHY IT'S A DEFENSE BOND! ...
A DEFENSE BOND IN A TRUCK ...
BACK TO THE OFFICE JASPER ... HMM...





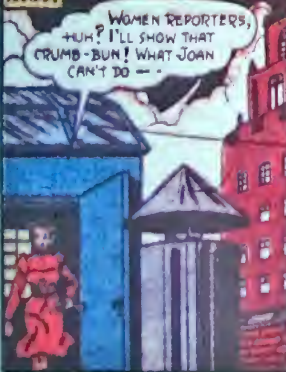
SEVERAL MINUTES
... LATER ...

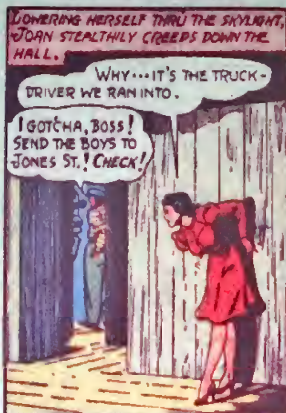


AS JOAN TELLS HER
STORY, THE PHONE
RINGS...



MISS AMERICA TAKES THINGS INTO HER OWN
HANDS.





RETURNING TO THE ENGRAVING HOUSE, JOAN PRESENTS HER REPORTER'S CARD.

I'M JOAN DALE,
OF THE DAILY STAR.

YOU LOOK KINDA
FAMILIAR, BABE.
COME ON IN!

HEY BOSS...
LOOK WHAT
BLEW IN.
A REPORTER!

YOU GET AROUND,
SAMPSON!

GRAB HER,
YOU FOOL!
SHE'S
DANGEROUS!

NOW THAT YOU'RE HERE, I DON'T MIND
TELLING YOU THAT YOUR STUBBORN
BOSS IS GOING TO GET
A BOMB IN HIS TEETH

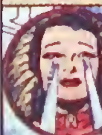
CAREFUL
YOU DON'T LOSE
A MOUTHFUL YOURSELF.

LITTLE
TIGER.
AIN'T
SHE?

SEE HOW I THROW THIS KNIFE?
ZINGO-BULLSEYE!



BUT SAMPSON HASN'T RECKONED WITH
THE POWERS OF MISS AMERICA.



I MAY BE PAPER BUT
NO KNIFE'S GOING
THROUGH ME.
CATCH!

MISS! BETTER GO BACK
TO MY POSTER...

WHO TREW
DAT KNIFE?

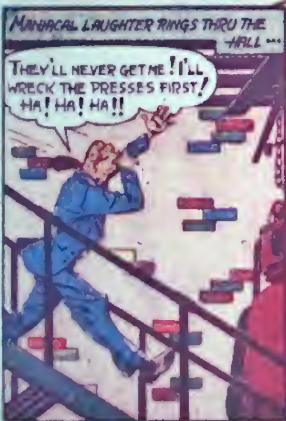
THAT GIRL - SHE HAD
SOMETHING TO DO WITH
IT! KILL HER!

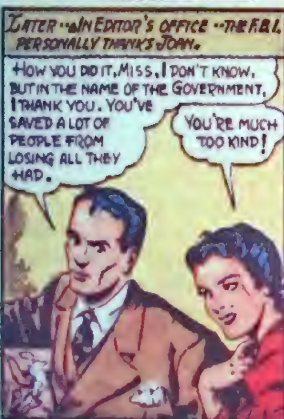
BUT THE THUGS ARE DIVE BOMBED
WHEN MISS AMERICA WILLIS IT !!!



I BET SAMPSON IS ON HIS WAY TO THE
PAPER. BUT FIRST --- POLICE HEAD-
QUARTERS --- HERE'S SOME NEW BOARD-
ERS FOR YOU --- JUST TRACE THIS CALL --







BLACKOUT

By TEX BLAISDELL

EACH MONTH MILITARY COMICS WILL TELL THE STORY OF A BOY OR GIRL WHOSE BRAVERY IN ACTION HAS BEEN OUTSTANDING AND DESERVING OF SPECIAL MENTION. THIS MONTH WE TELL THE STORY OF 16-YEAR-OLD BARBARA F——, OF DOVER, WHO FOR PERSONAL REASONS WISHES TO KEEP HER IDENTITY SECRET. ■

Our story opens on a warm spring evening in war torn Dover. All winter long the Nazi Terror had rained from the skies, but with the coming of spring, the war seemed more remote and England was once again beautiful. So it was with a feeling of new hope that Barbara groped her way down the tenement stairs this spring evening in Dover. The air raid sirens had sounded and the nightly blackout was in effect. Stygian darkness engulfed her slim figure as she stepped confidently onto the street, whistling a jaunty tune and the dull crash of bombs falling in the distance kept time to her footsteps as she made her way eastward toward the square.

Here and there invisible figures stumbled and cursed and groped their way along the walls, but Barbara moved with a sure step, born of life long intimacy with the neighborhood. A soft breeze whispered through her honey gold hair as she counted her steps to the corner. At forty-six steps exactly, she stepped down from the curb and made her way to the opposite side. Blackouts were rather fun she thought . . . the quiet and solitude they afforded and the distinct advantage they gave her over her fellows, in finding her way about.

For many months no bombs had fallen in Bobbie's neighborhood and a false sense of security led her farther and farther afield in her nightly strolls. During her sixteen years of residence in the neighborhood, she had memorized the precise distance to any given point within a large radius of her home. This knowledge stood her in good stead in these nights of total darkness, and business girl that she was, young Bobbie had often earned small bits of change by guiding confused pedestrians to their destinations.

Lost in her thoughts, Barbara didn't notice the swift approach of the falling bombs until chunks of falling debris brought her to her senses. Hurriedly retracing her steps, she made for the neighborhood bomb shelter, only a few blocks away. Nearer and nearer swept the deadly missiles, filling the air with their song of death, until the earth shook with each concussion. Suddenly above the scream and crash of the falling bombs, the cough of an engine reached Bobbie's ears. "That would be the picnic bus, returning from the country with a load of children," thought Barbara . . . At that instant a deafening blast rent the air, and cold terror gripped her heart as cries of pain

smote her ears! "They're hit," she gasped!

Immediately she dashed in the direction of the tearful voices, headless of the masonry and the white hot bomb fragments which pelted down about her. Many times the intrepid youngster stumbled, and twice she sprawled headlong on the rubble-strewn street, in her attempt to reach the stricken children. Their pitiful wails spurred the bruised girl to even greater efforts as the shrill whistle of the long range shells joined the bedlam of the bomb barrage!

Behind the overturned vehicle she found them . . . huddled around the matron like baby chicks, Shrieking to make herself heard over the rising crescendo of sky-born destruction, Barbara formed the group in a single file, with the matron bringing up the rear, and taking the leader's hand, set out for the bomb shelter. Screaming shell fragments criss-crossed the street in a pattern of death, but Divine Providence spared the lives of the babes and their shepheress. One hundred . . . seventy-five . . . fifty yards away lay the safety of the air-raid shelter, and with each fearful step, mutilation and death chartered horribly in their ears! At

last the bruised and battered group cascaded down the stairs and into the safety of the already packed shelter. Hurriedly the matron gathered up her wards and arranged them as comfortably as possible near the wall. Suddenly she uttered a terrified cry. "Helaine is not here! She must be lying out there alone, perhaps badly injured! I MUST go to her!"

Comforting hands restrained

The sidewalk beneath her nimble feet heaved and buckled with the force of the explosions. Carefully counting each hesitant step, the gallant girl inched her way back towards the wrecked bus. The whole world seemed one tremendous nerve-shattering blast, but fortunately for Bobbie, the blinding flashes had no effect on HER eyes. Suddenly, a piece of flagstone whistled out of the darkness which surrounded her and sent

tion and distance destroyed, young Barbara was forced to feel her way through the debris. As she rounded the last corner, a gigantic explosion roared up not one hundred feet away . . . crushing her against a brick wall and showering tons of material all about her. Bruised and bleeding from minor cuts, the young heroine crept to the bus and made her way inside. There, squeezed between two seat cushions, was the unconscious Helaine. By means of strips of clothing, Barbara strapped the senseless child to her back, and carefully padding her with a sweater, started on the return journey through the man-made inferno.

Her senses reeling, her strength fast ebbing, the battered girl and her helpless burden, miraculously escaping death at every instant, finally fell gasping at the entrance of the air-raid shelter. With her last remaining strength, Bobbie banged her fist against the door and fainted.

When she regained consciousness, she lay comfortably in her own bed, and the air-raid was over. A few days later she was up and about again, proudly sporting various cuts and bruises, and her most prized possession, the GEORGE MEDAL for distinguished bravery . . . but little Barbara will never see the medal she wears so proudly . . . for she was born blind!



her, and reassuring voices attempted to soothe her. . . and in the flurry of excitement, no one noticed the slight blonde girl who slipped back through the door into the raging blitzkrieg outside.

In the few moments Barbara had been underground, the bombardment had increased ten-fold.

her sprawling to the pavement. Momentarily stunned, Barbara felt pieces of wreckage striking all about her, and now and then, a chunk fell heavily upon her prostrate figure. Painfully rising on all fours, she dragged her battered body through the craters and shell-holes. Her sense of loca-

SEND IN YOUR NOMINATIONS FOR THE HERO OF THE MONTH, COMPLETE WITH PHOTOGRAPHS AND FULL DETAILS . . . MILITARY COMICS WILL DRAMATIZE THE BEST STORY, AND GIVE HONORABLE MENTION TO THE TEN NEXT BEST . . . WATCH FOR YOUR CANDIDATE'S NAME NEXT MONTH . . .

NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS ARE ACCEPTED, AND FIVE DOLLARS WILL BE PAID TO THE ONE WE SELECT! THE DECISION OF THE EDITOR WILL BE FINAL, AND ALL ENTRIES BECOME OUR PROPERTY AND WILL NOT BE RETURNED . . .

ARCHIE ATKINS

DESERT SCOUT



CORPORAL
ARCHIE ATKINS,
ROYAL AUSTRALIAN
TANK CORPS

MEDITERRANEAN SEA

BENGHAZI

SIRTE

LIBYA

EL AGHEILA

TOBRUK

BARDIA

SOLLUM

MUTRUH

ALEXANDRIA

FUKA

EGYPT

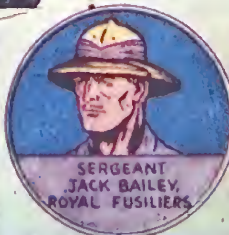
CAIRO

SUZ

SUZ

CANAL

MODERN SOLDIERS THREE,
CORPORAL ARCHIE ATKINS,
SERGEANT JACK BAILEY,
AND PRIVATE AHMED, WITH
BILLY THE GOAT ARE MEM-
BERS OF MAJOR DOUGLASS
LIGHT BATTALION.... THEY
UPHOLD THE FIGHTING
TRADITIONS OF THE
BRITISH EMPIRE ARMY
IN THE AFRICAN DESERT.



SERGEANT
JACK BAILEY,
ROYAL FUSILIERS



PRIVATE AHMED,
ROYAL SUDANESE
CAMEL CORPS

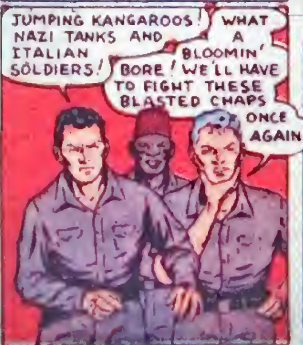


BILLY
THE
GOAT

WITHOUT WARNING, THE AXIS
ARMY STRENGTHENED WITH
REINFORCEMENTS THAT PASS
THROUGH TUNISIA, ATTACK
BENGHAZI.



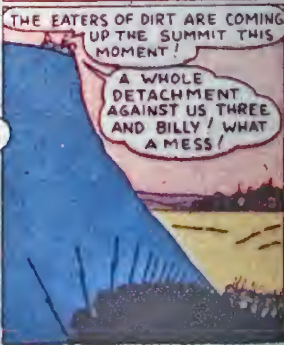
ARCHIE ATKINS, JACK BAILEY, AND
AHMED, ARE CAMPING ON A
RISE OUTSIDE THE TOWN...



JUMPING KANGAROOS!
NAZI TANKS AND
ITALIAN
SOLDIERS!

WHAT A
BLOOMIN'
BORE! WE'LL HAVE
TO FIGHT THESE
BLASTED CHAPS
ONCE
AGAIN!

A DETACHMENT OF FASCISTS
AND NAZIS ARE SEEN AS
THEY ASCEND THE RISE....



THE EATERS OF DIRT ARE COMING
UP THE SUMMIT THIS
MOMENT!

A WHOLE
DETACHMENT
AGAINST US THREE
AND BILLY! WHAT
A MESS!



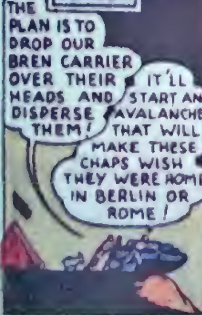
AS THE AXIS REMNENT RETREATS.



BEATEN BY THE DARING THREE'S DEADLY GUNFIRE, THE ENEMY DETACHMENT HAS A POW-WOW...



BUT THE SOLDIERS THREE DO NOT WAIT FOR THE AXIS FORCES TO MAKE UP THEIR MINDS...



FROM THE RISE EVEN BILLY GOES INTO ACTION...



BILLY SELECTS COLONEL CANELLI,
AND DARTS AT HIM LIKE A
THUNDERBOLT.

EVERYTHING WAS FINE
UNTIL MUSSOLINI JOINED
THE ACCURSED
GERMANS... NOW
LOOK AT
ME!



SAPRISTI!! HEAVY
ANGLES! BOMBARDMENT
UNDER WAY!



MEANWHILE ARCHIE, JACK AND
ACHMED DON FALLEN NAZI
UNIFORMS..

WE GOT
TO HELP OUR BATTALION. IF
AND THE WAY TO
DO IT IS WITH THESE
JERRY OUTFITS!!

BUT
WE'RE
CAUGHT
WE'LL BE
SHOT
AS SPIES



AT THE BOTTOM OF THE
SUMMIT THEY FIND A NAZI
ARMORED CAR..

I
CAN SPEAK
GERMAN...
HELLO, AN
ARMORED CAR!

ALLAH
SENT IT
TO US!



COMMANDEERING THE ARMORED
CAR, THEY ROAR TOWARD
BENGHAZI..

LOOK, THE
SWASTIKA FLIES
OVER BENGHAZI!!



BRRR, THESE SUPER-FORMAL
HUMAN ROBOTS GIVE ME THE
CREEPS.

THEIR BLOOD-
THIRSTY LEADER
REMOVED THEIR
WORTHLESS BRAINS
WHEN THEY
BECAME SOLDIERS.



FANCY THAT, OLD
TOPS.. THE JERRIES
DRILL MANUAL EVEN MAKES
THEM SIT UP STRAIGHT
AND FORMAL LIKE.



THEY PASS THE CITY PRISON..

BY THE BEARD
OF THE PROPHET,
THERE'S MAJOR
DOUGLAS THE
FIERCE!!



IN
PRISON
TOO!
LISTEN,
WE'LL
SAVE HIM!

AS ARCHIE SENDS THE ARMORED CAR CRASHING INTO THE PRISON WALL...

HEY! WHAT'RE YOU DOING??

IT'S MY PLAN TO GET MAJOR DOUGLAS OUT OF PRISON, SWEET-HEART.



THE CRASH BRINGS A POMPOUS NAZI OFFICER ON THE RUN...

DUMMKOPF! YOU BROKE THE ONLY PRISON WALL WE HAVE, AND OUR ARMY'S RACING TOWARD BARDIA!



HERR KAPITAN, THE SUN, HE BLINDED ME...



BAH! I HEARD THAT STORY FROM THE ITALIANS, BUT IT'S THE FIRST TIME AN ARYAN SAID IT.



GUARD THE DAMAGED WALL UNTIL I CAN ROUND UP SOME ENGINEERS TO REPAIR IT!

JAWOHL... (GULP)



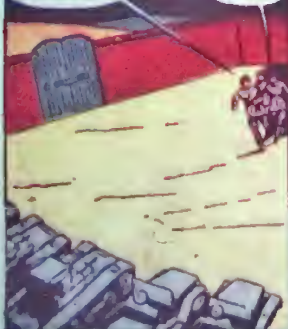
INSTEAD OF GUARDING THE RUINED WALL, ARCHIE, JACK AND ACHMED FREE MAJOR DOUGLAS AND THE LIGHT BATTALION...

OH, IT'S YOU CHAPS, USUALLY MY PAIN IN THE NECK... LUCKY THE NECK BELONGS TO THE NAZIS THIS TIME.



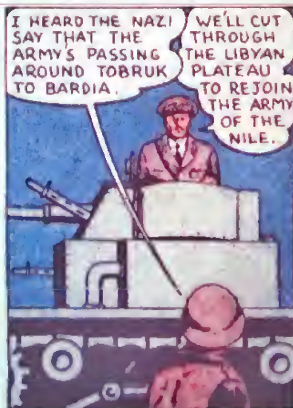
GREAT SCOTT! ENOUGH ARMORED CARS AND TANKS HERE FOR EVERYBODY!

GOOD. WE CAN USE THEM.



I HEARD THE NAZI SAY THAT THE ARMY'S PASSING AROUND TOBRUK TO BARDIA.

WE'LL CUT THROUGH THE LIBYAN PLATEAU TO REJOIN THE ARMY OF THE NILE.



THE LIGHT BATTALION SWINGS INTO ACTION AGAIN.



AS THE TANKS CHARGE THE NAZIS AND FACISTS...



IN THE TANK DRIVEN BY ARCHIE...

HERE'S RETRIBUTION WITH VENGEANCE!

THE JERRIES'RE GETTING A DOSE OF THEIR OWN MEDICINE.



THIRTY MILES BEYOND BENGHAZI, THE LIGHT BATTALION STOPS FOR A CONFERENCE...

GENTLEMEN, WE'LL HAVE TO STRIKE DEEP INTO THE DESERT AND DETOUR TO OUR LINES AT SOLLUM... MY ORDERS ARE THAT WE MUST GET THROUGH REGARDLESS OF OPPOSITION!



HERE IS MAJOR DOUGLAS'S PROPOSED ROUTE.

MEDITERRANEAN SEA



IN THE DEEP LIBYAN DESERT, ARCHIE'S TANK, AS A SCOUT, SIGHTS A COLUMN OF NAZI TANKS...



MAJOR DOUGLAS ORDERS AN ATTACK...



THE LIGHT BATTALION BREAKS THROUGH THE NAZI COLUMN...



IN THE AFTERNOON THE LIGHT BATTALION CONTACTS SOLLUM.

THERE'S SOLLUM. I'M AFRAID OUR MEN WILL THINK WE'RE NAZIS AND FIRE AT US.



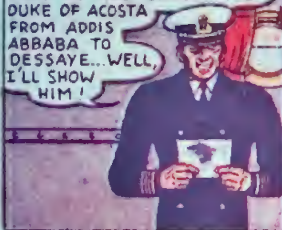
THE SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS DEFENDING THE FORT ARE SURPRISED BY THE ARRIVAL OF THE LIGHT BATTALION IN ENEMY TANKS...

WELCOME! MAJOR DOUGLAS. WE NEED YOUR BOYS BADLY.



MEANWHILE, ADMIRAL SIR ANDREW CUNNINGHAM, COMMANDER OF THE BRITISH MEDITERRANEAN FLEET, RECEIVES A RADIOGRAM FROM HIS BROTHER, GENERAL ALAN CUNNINGHAM IN ETHIOPIA.

(CHUCKLE) ALAN WANTS TO KNOW WHAT I'M DOING, NOW THAT HE HAS CHASED THE DUKE OF ACOSTA FROM ADDIS ABBABA TO DESSAYE... WELL, I'LL SHOW HIM!



DIRECTED BY ADMIRAL CUNNINGHAM THE BRITISH FLEET BLASTS THE NAZI ADVANCE GUARD AT HELLFIRE PASS...



MEANWHILE... THE LIGHT BATTALION IS BARRACKED... MAJOR DOUGLAS COMES RUNNING FROM THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING...

IN THE TANKS! WE'LL FINISH WHERE THE FLEET LEFT OFF. AHEAD TO FORT CAPUZZO!!



THE LIGHT BATTALION STRIKES HARD AT THE NAZI SPEAR-HEAD, AND SIKHS FOLLOW TO FINISH UP.



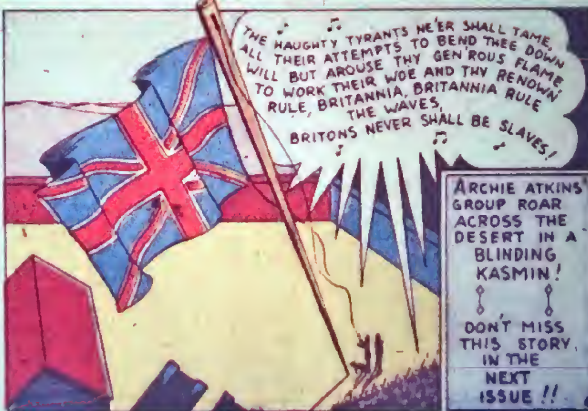
FORT CAPUZZO IS RECAPTURED.

WHEN THE BRITISH LION IS AROUSED, IT STRIKES WITH TERRIBLE FORCE!
FANCY THAT COMING FROM AN AUSSIE.



THEN THE DARING THREE MARCH TO THE GARRISON FLAG POLE...

COME ON BOYS... WE'LL HAUL THIS UNION JACK UP WHERE SHE BELONGS!



THE HAUGHTY TYRANTS HE'ER SHALL TAME,
ALL THEIR ATTEMPTS TO BEND THEE DOWN
WILL BUT AROUSE THY GENEROUS FLAME
TO WORK THEIR WOE AND THY RENOWN
RULE, BRITANNIA, BRITANNIA RULE
THE WAVES,
BRITONS NEVER SHALL BE SLAVES!

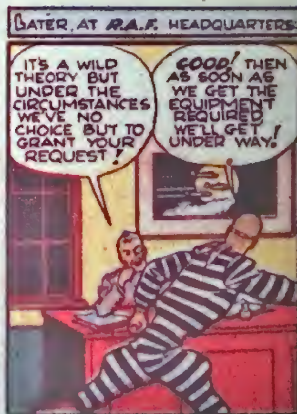
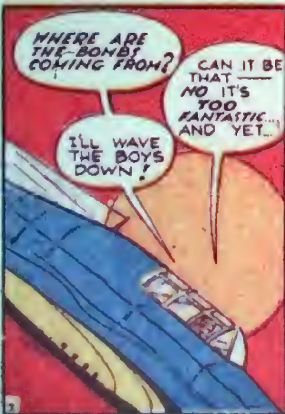
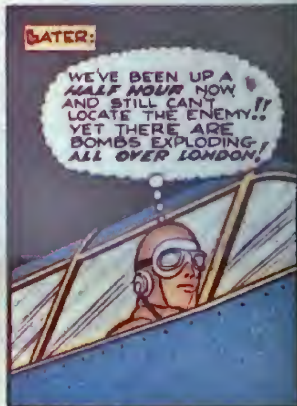
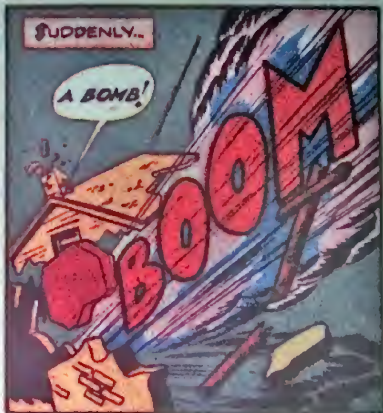
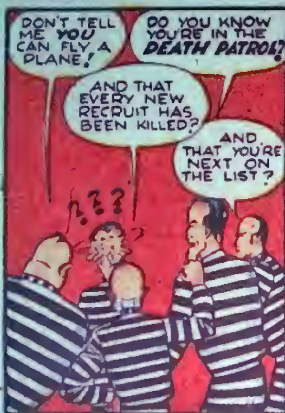
ARCHIE ATKINS GROUP ROAR ACROSS THE DESERT IN A BLINDING KASMIN!

DON'T MISS THIS STORY IN THE NEXT ISSUE !!



EVERY TIME THE DEATH PATROL HAS VENTURED OUT ON AN ASSIGNMENT, ONE OF THEM HAS BEEN KILLED AND NEW RECRUITS ARE CONSTANTLY NEEDED TO FILL UP THE RANKS! IT IS NIGHT NEAR LONDON AND THE BOYS ARE SIZING UP THEIR NEWEST RECRUIT:





SOON THE MEN ARE READY FOR THEIR NEW VENTURE...



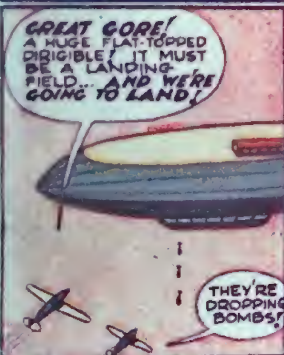
BACK INTO THE NIGHT SPEED THE SIX RECKLESS DAREDEVILS...



UP AND UP THEY GO...



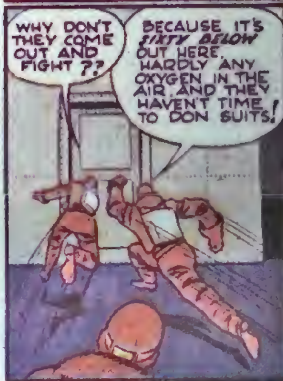
BUT JUST AS THE MEN ARE ABOUT TO GIVE UP...



DWOOPING DOWN, THEY LAND...



AND RUSH THE ENCLOSURE

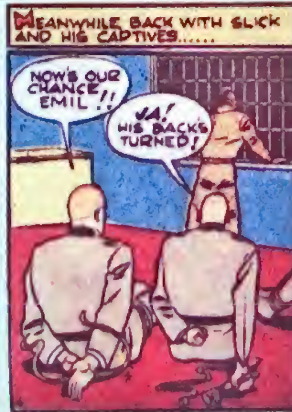
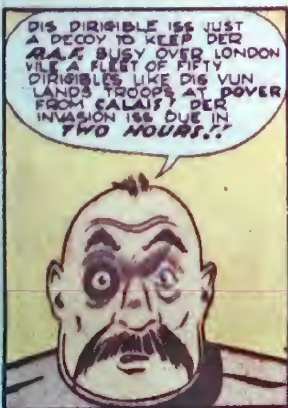


A TERRIFIC FIGHT ENSUES...



WHEN POUR FROM THE TUNNEL CONNECTING THE UNDER-GONDOLA WITH THE LANDING FIELD...







DOON SHELLS ARE EXPLODING ALL AROUND



FINALLY THEY ESCAPE TO SAFETY



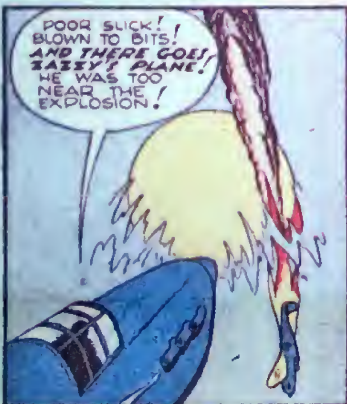
LEADEN DEATH SPOUTS FROM THE HURRICANES...



BUT ONE OF THE BULLETS ENTERS THE DIRIGIBLE STRIKING A GIRDER CAUSING A SPARK AND



POOR SLICK!
BLOWN TO BITS!
AND THERE GOES
ZAZZY'S PLANE!
HE WAS TOO
NEAR THE
EXPLOSION!



WELL, THE JINX
IS STILL ON... TWO
KILLED THIS TRIP!
BETTER CALL IT
A NIGHT BEFORE
WE'RE ALL
DEAD!!



ONLY FOUR PLANES RETURN
WHERE SIX TOOK OFF!!



WE WRECKED
THE DIRIGIBLE
BUT WHAT A
PRICE SLICK
AND ZAZZY
PAID!!

A COUPLE
OF GOLD
BRICKS
THEY!
WERE!



HI, GANG!
WHAT
KEPT ??
YUH ..

ZAZZY!
ALIVE!



YUD! I BAILED
OUT AT 5,000
FEET I TOLD
YUH YOU CANT
SCARE ME YIM!
TOO IGNORANT.



LISTEN FOR ORPHAN ANNIE'S RADIO ADVENTURES EARLY NEXT FALL!

Orphan Annie says—"BOYS and GIRLS!" TAKE YOUR CHOICE OF THESE SWELL GIFTS FREE WITH SPARKIES GUARANTEE SEALS!"

... BUT HURRY!
THIS OFFER IS GOOD FOR
A LIMITED TIME ONLY!

IT'S THE OFFICIAL
"WRIGHT PURSUIT!"

GIRLS! Get this NURSE OUTFIT!

**CAP
FREE**

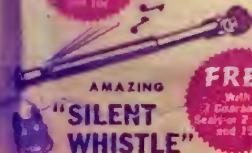
With
Guarantee
Seals or 2 Seals
and 15c



Here's your chance to get in on things when the fellows are playing "defence"—they'll add you to play, when you get for your very own, this beautiful snow-white cloth Cap and Bib Apron that look like a real nurse's! The good-looking apron ties in back—the official shape Cap pins around your head. And right on the front of both, you'll see the brilliant red official Secret Guard insignia! Don't miss out on this—send in now!

**APRON
FREE**

With
Guarantee
Seals or 2 Seals
and 15c



AMAZING

"SILENT WHISTLE"

Like Used for Training Movie Dogs!

Mysterious, startling high-frequency whistle can be heard by dogs and cats, but not by human beings! Train your dog to respond to it—amaze your friends and family! Solid bromine whistle also adjusts to blow piercing "Man Whistle" and to play easy tunes!

FREE

With
Guarantee
Seals or 2 Seals
and 15c

AMAZING FOLDING-WING CATAPULT PLANE

Like a Navy
Fighter Plane!

New-principle plane with automatic folding wings to give it extra height and speed using up Works on catapult principle, like a battleship's fighter planes. At top of flight, wings snap open, plane banks, stunts, glides and comes to a perfect spot landing! Built of bubblelight special Balsa wood with "tilt" device for folding wings. It's a wonder!



FORM A SQUADRON

Let your friends in on this—because it's not for sale in stores! These special Catapult Planes are just for Annie's friends! Form a Squadron, play defence games, have fun with "endurance flight" contests!

FREE

With
Guarantee
Seals or 2 Seals
and 15c

GIANT NINE-INCH PERISCOPE

FREE

With
Guarantee
Seals or 2 Seals
and 15c



Three times as much fun as ordinary periscopes because it works three ways! Lets you see around corners without being seen—lets you see in back of you without turning around—lets you see the whole world upside down, crazy as anything. Don't miss this fun!

HI-SPEEDERS! YOU NEED AVIATOR GOGGLES

Every quick, active fellow and girl wants these swell official-shaped goggles to protect keen sight when bike riding, racing, etc! Unbreakable lenses, rimmed with soft plush for snugg, comfortable fit. Adjusts to fit your head!

FREE

With
Guarantee
Seals or 2 Seals
and 15c



EAT DELICIOUS SPARKIES* AND GET MARVELOUS FREE GIFTS AND HEALTHFUL "Vitamin Rain*" BESIDES!

ORPHAN ANNIE, BOX L, DEPT. 33, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

I've told my Mother how "Vitamin Rain" adds vitamins B₁, D and G to swell-tasting Sparkies, so when I eat Sparkies with fruit and a glass of milk I get almost half my minimum daily need of vitamins A, B₁, C, D and G to help me be a leader. Now my Mother lets me enjoy Sparkies every day, so I'm sending in the valuable Guarantee Seals for the gifts I have marked. I enclose..... Guarantee Seals (or..... Seals and..... C).

☐ CATAPULT PLANE
6 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c)

☐ NURSE CAP
5 Seals (or 2 Seals and 10c)

☐ NURSE APRON
5 Seals (or 2 Seals and 10c)

☐ AVIATOR GOGGLES
6 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c)

☐ "SILENT" DOG WHISTLE
7 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c)

☐ GIANT PERISCOPE
6 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c)

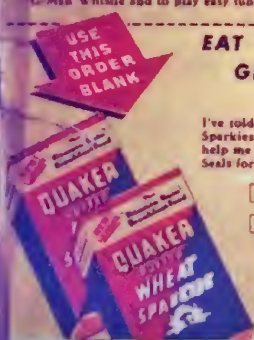
Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

(This Offer Expires October 31, 1941)

© Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Boy! The Bike Keds I am wearing
were built for fast starts



Bike Keds

Missed me by a mile!
Good footwork is a
cinch with Stride Keds



Stride Keds



Keds Blue
Supreme Oxford

These Blue Supreme
Oxford Keds
make the tough ones
easy to get



BOB: Frank Leahy says his
footwork that counts

NED: I'm sticking to Keds—
the shoe of champions.
They're the stuff
for footwork



*Footwork
make the Athlete
Frank Leahy*

For Better Footwork



FREE

U.S. PAT. OFF.
Keds

the Shoe of Champions

© Frank Leahy's book on football is written especially for
future champions. To get your free copy send your name
and address to Keds, Department C, United States Rubber
Company, 1230 Sixth Ave., Rockefeller Center, New York

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